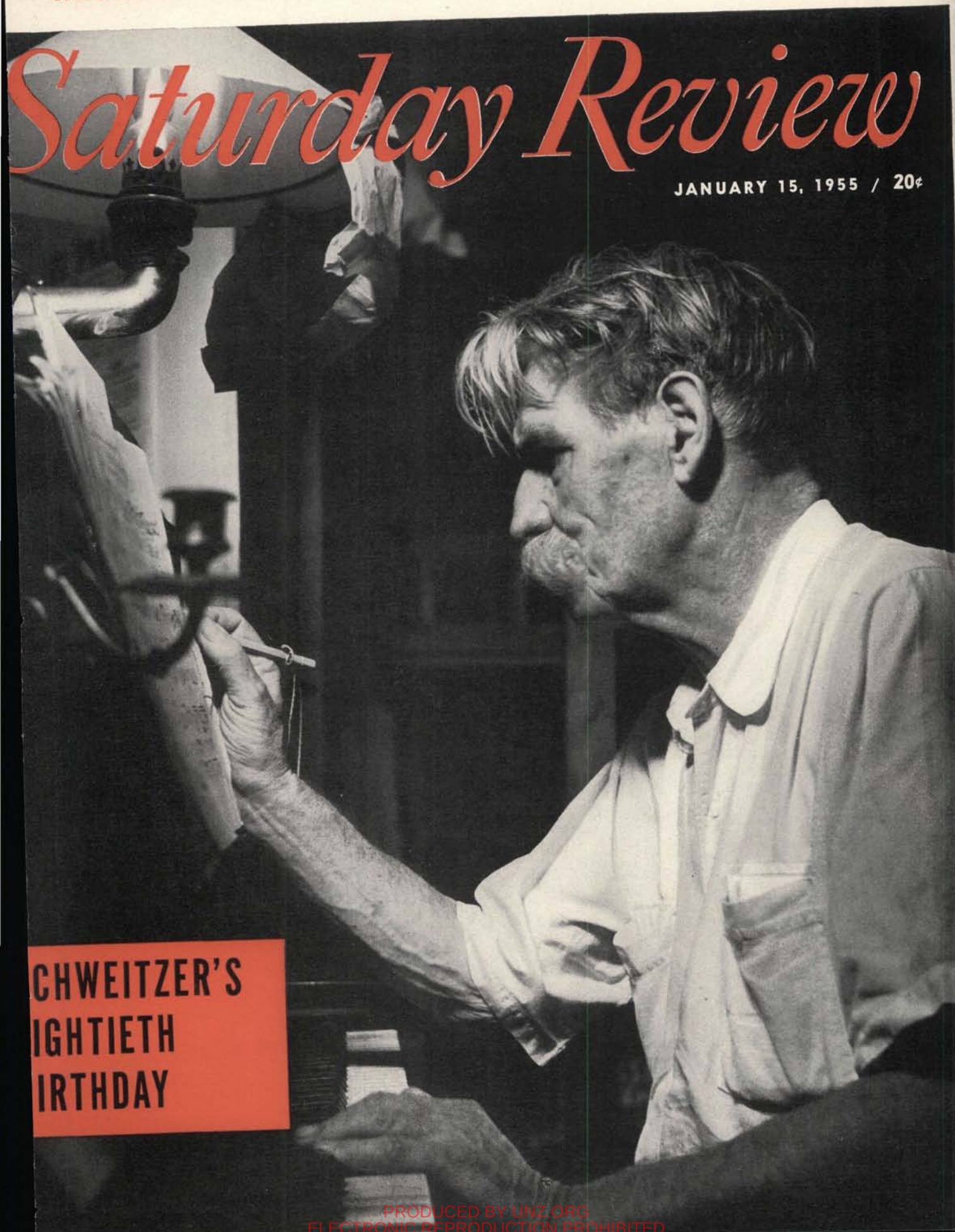
RECORDINGS SECTION: JAZZ IN THE MID-FIFTIES

Saturday Review

JANUARY 15, 1955 / 20¢



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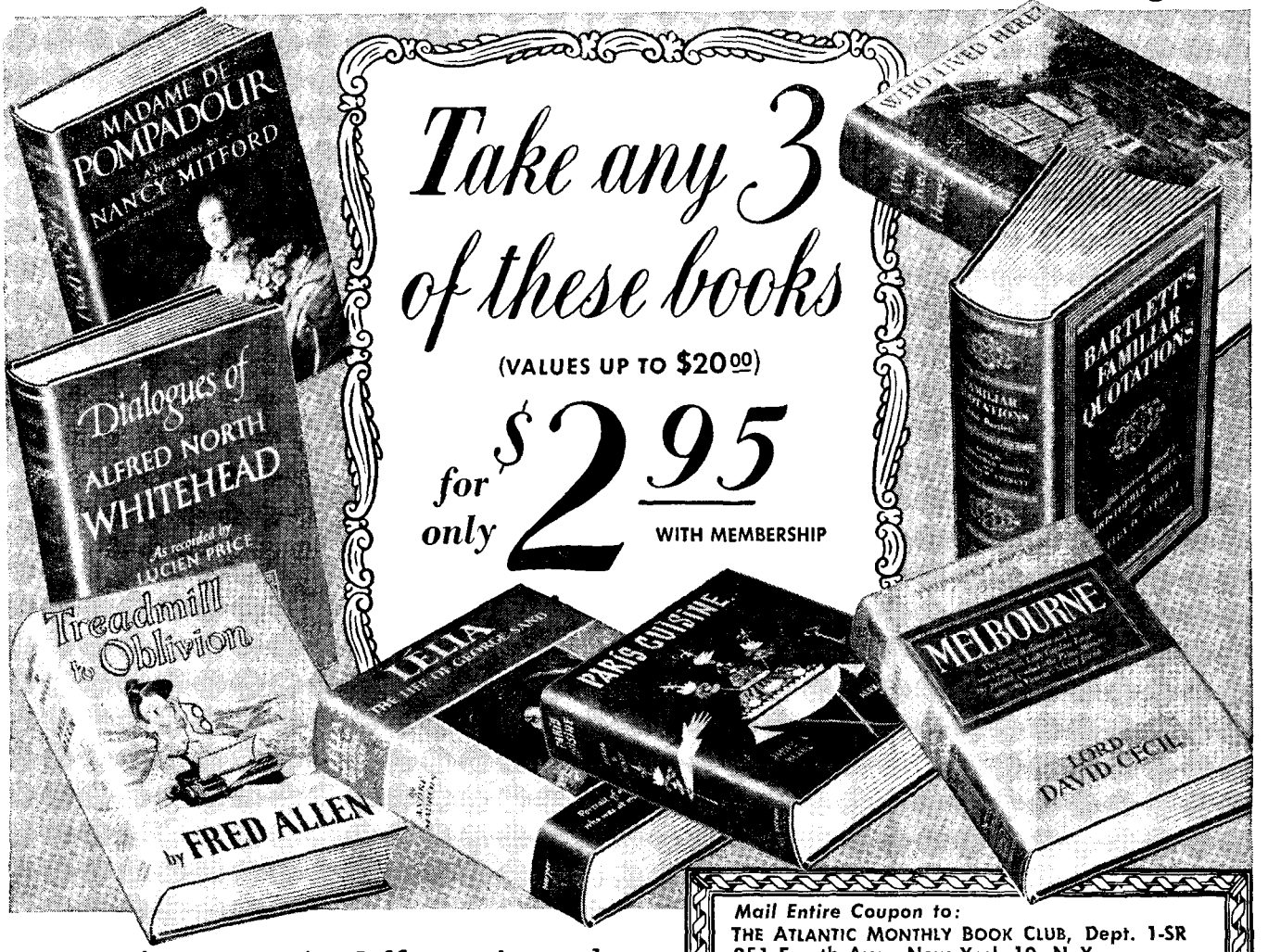

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** (F)—Fiction

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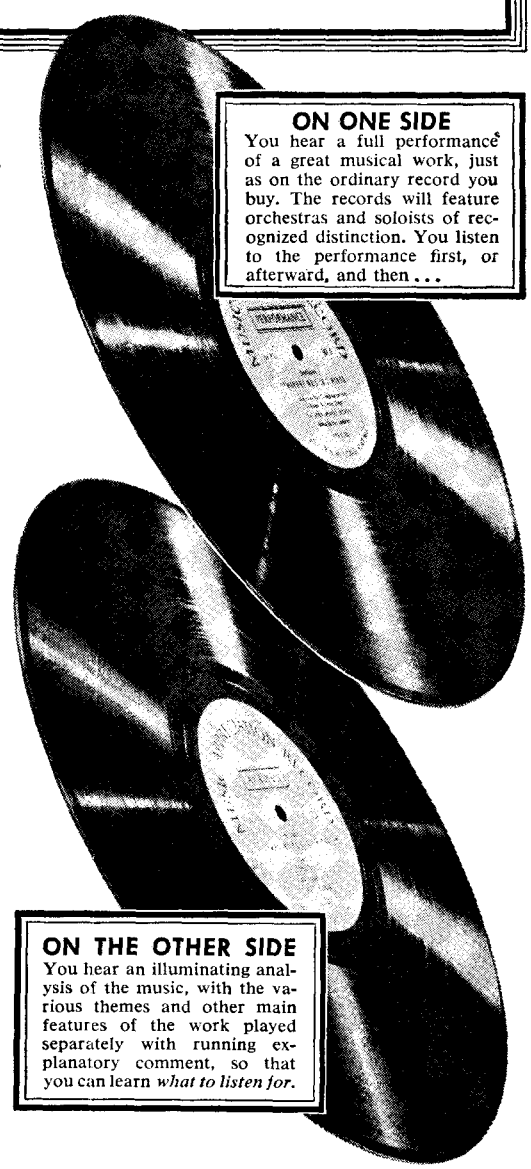

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TRADE Winds

I HAVE HAD THE pleasure recently of participating in several sessions of a radio program called "Conversation," which is broadcast by NBC over a coast-to-coast hookup at 8 P.M., Eastern time, every Saturday. The program is devoted to the concept that some people in America, despite the ravages of TV, movies, bridge, and Scrabble, still like to sit around and

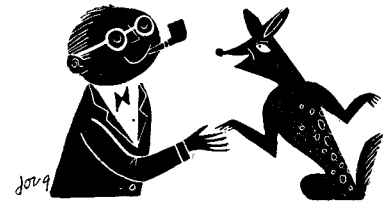
listen to, or indulge themselves in, reasonably intelligent and spontaneous talk and interchange of ideas.

"Conversation," under the astute and experienced guidance of Kip Fadiman, a brilliant talker himself, has attracted an astonishingly large following in its brief span of existence. When it was canceled at the last moment for a political speech one Saturday over 1,000 people in New York City alone bothered to phone in their protests, and similar howls came from all parts of the country. NBC has just renewed the program for another thirteen weeks. Reviews also have been enthusiastic. In fact, "Conversation" seems to have intrigued everybody thus far but a sponsor! If you've missed the program yourself try catching it some Saturday (although the present broadcasting time in the East admittedly is most inconvenient for precisely the sort of audience it is designed to attract).

ONE RECENT CONVERSATION that intrigued me in particular (the sessions are taped weeks before they actually are broadcast) was devoted to "Wacky People I Have Known," and the participants, besides Kip and myself, were the bearded and expansive Jim Moran and Dick Maney, press agent *extraordinaire* and Tallulah Bankhead's *alter ego*, in a manner of speaking. Needless to say, Tallulah's name kept creeping—or leaping—into the conversation, along with inevitable reminiscences of Ben Hecht, Elliot Paul, Bill Saroyan, the late John Barrymore, Oscar Levant, and Jed Harris. When Jim Moran began telling us how much he himself liked to talk to (1) herbaceous plants and (2) live alligators, however, the thought struc the rest of us simultaneously that Jim just possibly, was "wackier" than any body else we had been discussing.

Jim's eccentricities, of course, her alded in print by H. Allen Smith an others, have paid off handsomely. I fact, I've often wondered how lon most of our noted off-beat performer would continue with their little pecca dillos (sometimes so elaborate, s time-consuming!) if some carefull *alerted gentlemen of the press* weren on deck to record every detail fo posterity. I remember, for example the evening the magnificently mus tachioed Salvador Dali became so en raged at a Fifth Avenue departmen store's display based on his art tha he smashed the plate-glass windo and wrecked the interior with hi cane. So spontaneous and uncalcu lated was his indignation, in fact, tha the presence of reporters and a cam era crew, who managed to get th story on to the front pages of the nex morning's papers, could only hav been a miraculous coincidence!

RETURNING TO THE AFFABLE Jim Morar I commend to your attention his new est book, "Sophocles the Hyena," pub lished by McGraw-Hill and illustrate in high style by Roger Duvoisir "Sophocles" is a fable designed fo children, but adults will love it, too Sophocles, by his own confession, wa a mean, lazy, ornery, lowdown, good for-nothing hyena, on the prowl fo a tender cat to serve as his *pièce d résistance* at dinner time. The stor of his conversion, pounding home ef fectively the moral that all kinds c people can live together in perfec



amity if they'll only give it a decer try, made me feel so good that at it conclusion I might even have shake hands with—but no, let's not carr this thing too far!

TO THE THOUSANDS who read Art Buch wald's syndicated columns on hig life in Europe in their papers thre times a week the fact that he is no a powerful force to be reckoned wit

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in the field of humor will not be new. For those who have not yet discovered him, however, Little, Brown has collected his best pieces in a volume called "Art Buchwald's Paris."

I particularly like his whimsy about the Frenchman whose parents had saddled him with the name of "Formidable." All his life fun was poked at him because of this ridiculous name, especially since he grew up to be a puny, undersized nonentity. Nevertheless, he bagged a mighty good-looking bride for himself, and lived happily with her for many years. At eighty-five he finally gave up the ghost. His dying request to his wife was, "Please do not put that ridiculous name of mine on my tombstone. I'd like to rest in peace." Tearfully, she promised, and accordingly his stone read, "Here lies a man who for fifty-seven years was faithful to his wife."

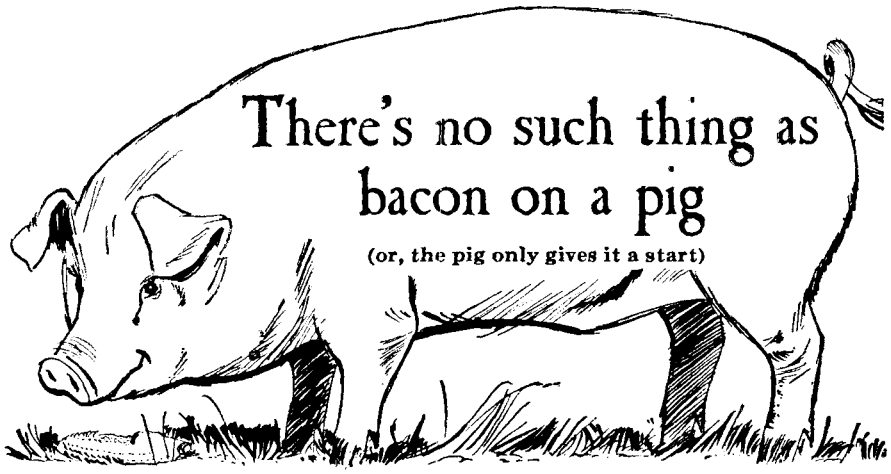
Every Frenchman who read the inscription promptly exclaimed, *"Regardez! C'est formidable!"*

AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE Samuel Hopkins Adams, author of a half-hundred best sellers, including "It Happened One Night," "Revelry," "The Pony Express," and "Sunrise to Sunset" (not to mention "Flaming Youth," which he tossed off under the pseudonym of Warner Fabian), is still brimming with spirit and zest for life. His visits to New York are devoted to one party after another in his honor. He is working at the moment not on one book, if you please, but three. Explain Sam Adams? One of his myriad of admirers points out, "Everything that happens to Sam is important to him. His interest never flags. He not only listens to what other people have to say, but is prepared to abandon long-cherished prejudices if they are convincing enough. I have never known him to be anything but gracious and understanding to a living soul." Who could ask for anything more?

Sam Adams's working schedule (three hours every morning) forms a striking contrast to the aimless, happy-go-lucky pattern of a half-dozen equally talented authors less than half his age I can think of offhand. They are frittering away the most productive years of their lives—spinning, but not toiling. It's fun, I guess, but where will it lead them?

The will to work, the burning ambition to make the most of every opportunity aren't what they used to be. We'll pay for it one of these days!

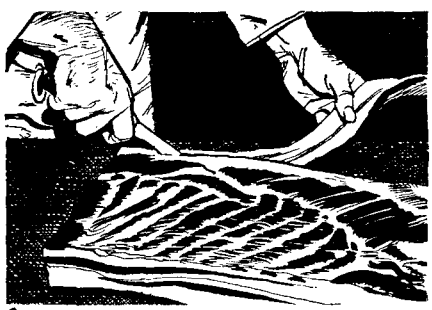
WHEN "FLAMING YOUTH" was roaring along at the height of its popularity the true identity of "Warner Fabian" was a top and zealously guarded secret. One big store, offended because



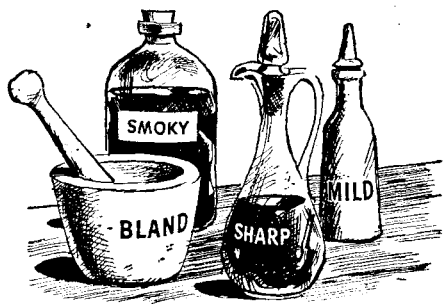
There's no such thing as bacon on a pig

(or, the pig only gives it a start)

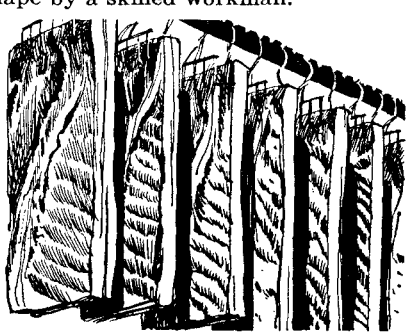
It's a long, long way from the pig to the crisp bacon on your breakfast plate. What originally comes from the hog isn't what *you'd* call bacon at all—not at first, anyway. Bacon requires lots of "post graduate" work before it's ready to cook.



1 The first step is to select the "side" that can be made into the kind of bacon you like. Then the "side" is trimmed and squared carefully into the proper shape by a skilled workman.



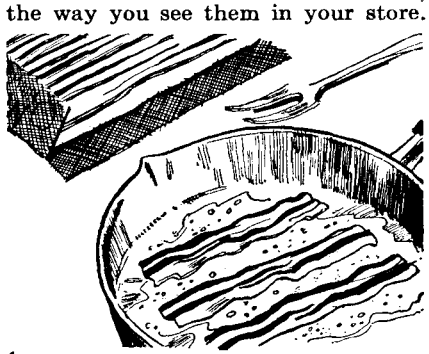
2 Next comes the curing. Every one of America's hundreds of bacon-making packers has his own special curing formula. Gives *you* lots of flavors to choose from.



3 Then it's hung on "Bacon Tree" racks and moved into the smokehouse, where smoke from special wood gives it the haunting fragrance that brings your family bounding into the kitchen.

4 After it comes out of the smokehouse your bacon is chilled. Then it's "formed" into just the right shape so the slices come out nice and even, the way you see them in your store.

5 Finally, the slicing machine shaves it off in uniform slices (about 10 slices per second). Wrappers pack it neat and pretty; and the shipping department starts it off to you.



6 Surprise you how many steps there are from porker to packer to breakfast table? Yet bacon is only one of hundreds of processed meats prepared in modern packing "kitchens" every day.

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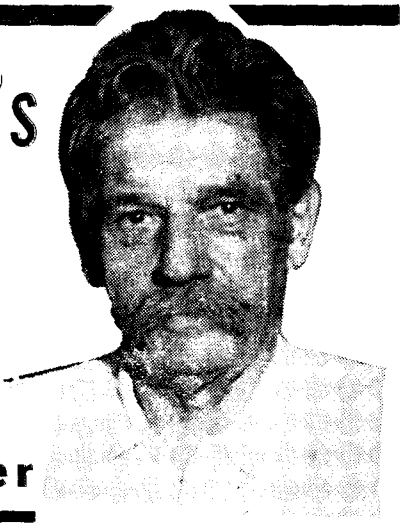

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Albert Schweitzer

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Sam Adams had exposed its dubious advertising ethics in the public prints, had retaliated by refusing to stock his books. At the same time, however, they boasted that they were selling 500 copies of "Flaming Youth" a day! Horace Liveright, the publisher, kept his mouth shut—and counted the profits.

In Vassar College the campus beauty vowed she would pry the secret from a Liveright underling who had fallen victim to her wiles and wiggles. When she gave her solemn promise that she'd carry the information to her grave he whispered hoarsely, "Warner Fabian is none other than Rudyard Kipling!" Two weeks later the rumor had spread all over Poughkeepsie. "Somebody else must have spilled the beans," the campus beauty maintained. "I only told it to my roommate."

This same young lady made further history of a sort when she came down to New York and discovered that the dilapidated rolling stock of the elevated railways system had been painted a garish yellow. Her esthetic sensibilities outraged, she demanded an explanation. "It's the diabolic doings of the Yellow Taxicab Company," she was told. "They've bought the 'el' system and have cut the operating schedules to the bone, thereby forcing passengers to take the long trips to work and home by taxi." "They won't get away with it while I'm alive," she proclaimed. "I shall write to Mayor Walker." She did, too. Jimmy, always understanding when a beautiful girl was involved, took her dancing at the Central Park Casino.

WHAT HAPPENS to such gullible babes when they grow up? Well, this particular miss is married to a Wall Street plutocrat, and now so wise to the ways of the world that singlehanded she virtually cornered the Bermuda onion market a few years ago. Some day, she says, she will publish in book form the letters she received as an undergraduate.

If she ever carries out this threat among those leaving town will be

Yours sincerely,

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1085)

WILLIAM HOWELLS:

BACK OF HISTORY

Culture is made up of all those things which are *not* inherited biologically . . . everything which has ever been accepted as a way of doing, or thinking, and taught by one person to another. That is how it is passed on and how it can change and grow so readily.

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Literary Sampler

• • Only after crossing the ocean and landing in America did I realize that hand-kissing was not a universal habit. The moment I realized that hand-kissing might create reactions the practice lost its spontaneity and became a sort of experimental research. Few American women reacted in the same way: the only common denominator was the element of surprise. Most of the ladies whose hands I kissed seemed pleased with the sensation. This was rewarding and led me to generalize that it is not as hard as I had heard to make an American woman happy. Some of the ladies were discreet and only a smile betrayed their inner feelings. Others were quite frank about their reactions and usually murmured something like "Oh, how Continental!"

At other times the lady might attempt to shake my hand as I bent to kiss hers, resulting in an uppercut to my mouth. Whether appreciative or reluctant, flattered or outraged, none of these transoceanic females seemed to accept hand-kissing for what it is: a greeting of elementary courtesy. *—From "The Pleasure Is Mine," by Mircea Vasiliu (Harper & Bros.).*

• • No matter if she wears ruffles, or swans in her hair, inwardly woman understands her earthiness. The male knows he must grow old and die, but this knowledge can never command the immediate submission to process that is a necessary part of childbearing. Once the sperm (a most primitive form of life) has swum to its goal a female knows that relentlessly, inside a body which hitherto she has regarded as being in a sense herself, cells are going to divide, proliferate, and specialize to a pattern determined half a million years ago. She knows this will happen quite apart from her wishes: whether she delights in it or resists it. She is forced to see that this body which has gone about the world with her name attached to it, this body with whose idiosyncrasies of form and color she is so familiar from her looking glass, this physical self, is now the slave of some great and marvelous and absolutely tyrannical purpose of which neither she nor he who launched the sperm has been vouchsafed any understanding. Muscles which she had supposed were in her control play the devil and she must throw out a new unit of life in the blood and tears and sweat which men like Winston Churchill can afford to associate with an act of volition. *—From "Man on Earth," by Jacquetta Hawkes (to be published March 11 by Random House).*

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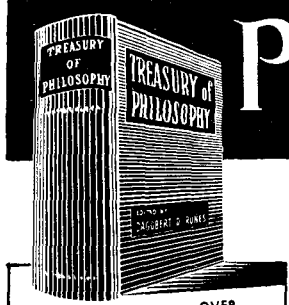

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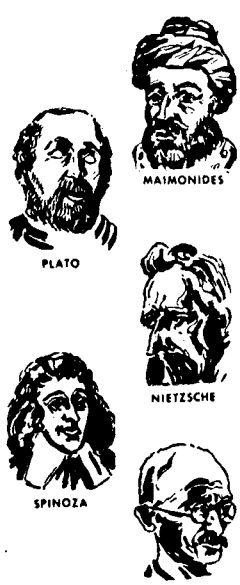

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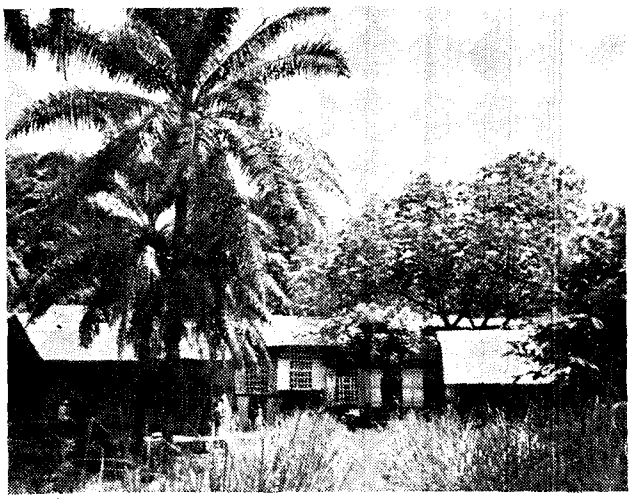
The Saturday Review

JANUARY 15, 1955



LEFT: Dr. Schweitzer superintends the building of the new leper ward. **ABOVE:** The doorway to Lambarene hospital . . . "If you keep working you will get younger every day."

"The World of Albert Schweitzer"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICA ANDERSON. TEXT AND CAPTIONS BY EUGENE EXMAN

IN HONOR of the great humanitarian's eightieth birthday, to be observed January 14, The Saturday Review *is proud to print parts of a new book to be published that day,* **"The World of Albert Schweitzer"** *(Harper. 144 pp. $5), photographs of Africa and Alsace by* **Erica Anderson,** *text and captions by* **Eugene Exman.** *A native Viennese, Miss Anderson has spent the best part of four years in the Schweitzer-country; she is well known for her film biographies "Henry Moore" and "Grandma Moses." Mr. Exman, born in Blanchester, Ohio, is editor and manager of the Religious Book Department at Harper's, author of many magazine articles, and an old friend and visitor of Dr. Schweitzer.*

LIFE here is not so romantic as most people think it is," Dr. Schweitzer once told a visitor. o be a success in Lambarene you ust be a carpenter, a mechanic, a mer, a boatman, a trader, as well a physician and surgeon."

Lambarene, of course, is a village in Gabon province of French Equaial Africa. Here, on the banks of the owe River, Dr. Albert Schweitzer ne in 1913 to establish a hospital. this remote hospital the world s since built a well-beaten path.

Albert Schweitzer's fame, however, is not due simply to his having established a hospital in an equatorial jungle. Other doctors have built hospitals—sometimes better equipped—in far countries, yet their work is relatively unknown. Dr. Schweitzer's significance lies in the extent of his exceptional gifts—native endowments, perhaps, but dedication to a common end. He is a Doctor of Medicine and also a Doctor of Music, of Philosophy, and of Theology. He is the author of books in all these fields, translated into many languages. When he was eight years old he began to play the organ and at nine he was able to substitute for the regular organist at church services. He prepared for the university at Mulhausen Gymnasium, where he developed a keen interest in history and natural science. But it was to his trinity of interest—musical theory, philosophy, and theology—that he devoted most of his time at Strasbourg University. His philosophical thought has profoundly influenced two generations.

Happiness filled all of Schweitzer's early life. His interest in music, philosophy, and theology may be partially accounted for by inheritance; both of his grandfathers were organists and one was also a schoolmaster, and his father was a leading Alsatian pastor. But for the young Schweitzer happiness was the twin of shared pain. As he says, "Whoever is spared personal pain must feel himself called to help in diminishing the pain of others. We

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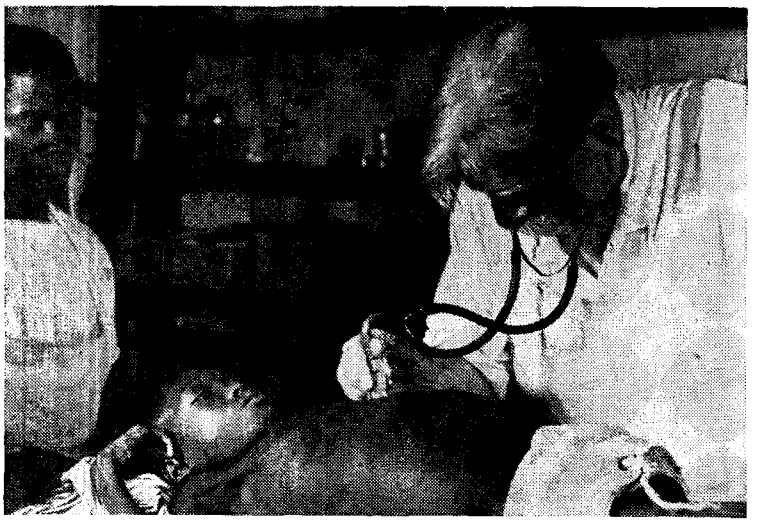
must all carry our share of the misery which lies upon the world."

In 1896, when he was twenty-one, he determined that he should live for science and art until he was thirty, and after that give his talents to the direct service of humanity. When this time came he was already one of the finest organists in Europe, and Principal of the Theological College of St. Thomas (Strasbourg); famous friends like the organist Widor (his teacher) and writer Romain Rolland protested that he would take his great gifts to the wilderness of equatorial Africa. His will was firm, however, and he plunged into medicine. By 1913 he was ready to go.

Since he has been in Lambarene his work has been impeded many times by wars and insufficient funds. And the medical needs of Africa are bottomless. Several times Dr. Schweitzer has had to return to Europe, to write books, lecture, or perform in concert in order to earn the funds necessary to keep his hospital out of the arms of the encircling jungles. He himself has endured sickness (ulcerated feet), and the unpredictable rains and exasperating folkways of primeval Africa. One may imagine that such a sensitive and disciplined man has had many moments of doubt; however this may be, he has never ceased to work, in the most practical ways, for the health and understanding of his beloved Africans, in that continent which is now his second home.

"Always they await their turn patiently, for here time has a slow rhythm."

"Surgery and medication can now check leprosy."



"A tag on the boy gives name, tribe, disease. Years later tags occasionally reappear, as former patients return and display their treasured hospital tokens."

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"Dr. Schweitzer works at his desk in the pharmacy."

"Every day is laundry day."

nts bring along all their possessions."

IN SCHWEITZER'S OWN WORDS: "I wanted to be a doctor that I might be able to work without having to talk. For years I had been giving myself out in words . . . this new form of activity I could not represent to myself as talking about the religion of love, but only as an actual putting it into practice."

• "Only at quite rare moments have I felt really glad to be alive. I could not but feel with a sympathy full of regret all the pain that I saw around me, not only that of men but that of the whole creation. From this community of suffering I have never tried to withdraw myself. It seemed to me a matter of course that we should all take our share of the burden of pain which lies upon the world."

• "It was quite incomprehensible to me—this was before I began going to school—why in my evening prayers I should pray for human beings only. So when my mother had prayed with me and had kissed me good-night I used to add silently a prayer that I had composed myself for all living creatures. It ran thus: 'O, Heavenly Father, protect and bless all things that have breath; guard them from all evil and let them sleep in peace'."

• "Truth has no special time of its own. Its hour is now—always . . ."

• "People say I understand something about music, but the sweetest sound I have ever heard came from a room one night when from the change in a baby's crying I knew that the crisis had passed, and that he would be well again."

• "Those who have learned by experience what physical pain and bodily anguish mean belong together all the world over; they are united by a secret bond. One and all, they know the horrors of suffering to which man can be exposed, and one and all they know the longing to be free from pain."

• "He speaks to us the same word: 'Follow thou me!' and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfil for our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which

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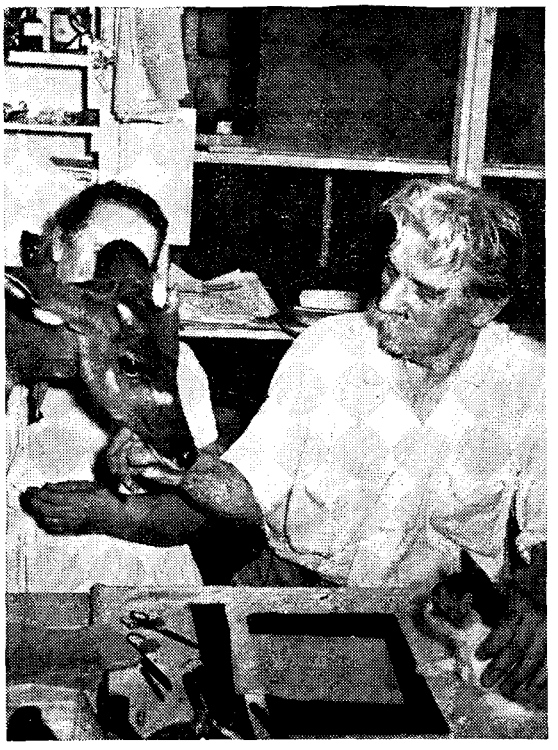

"One antelope chewed up more than half a book."

ALBERT SCHWEITZER'S CAREERS

MUSIC: "Eugene Munch, 1857-1898," a biography of his friend and first organ teacher. "J. S. Bach," a huge, two-volume biography of the giant Baroque composer. Many organ recordings, some made in Europe in order to buy medicaments for the Lambarene hospital. Also a book on organs and organ building, and an edition of Bach's organ works (with Widor). Dr. Schweitzer still practises regularly on a special, termite-proof organ donated by European friends.

THEOLOGY: "The Quest of the Historical Jesus" (1906), which sums up the work of 200 years of Biblical "higher criticism," and provides an original interpretation of many textual problems in Scripture, has been called the most influential book of theology published in this century. He has also written two books on Paul, a psychiatric study of Jesus (written for his doctor-of-medicine thesis), and "Christianity and the Religions of the World." Dr. Schweitzer is himself a preacher; during World War I he preached in Strasbourg, and he preaches regularly to his staff and patients in Africa.

PHILOSOPHY: His autobiographical works include "Out of My Life and Thought," "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest," and "Memoirs of Childhood and Youth." He has also written, partly from lectures given over Europe, the two-volume "Philosophy of Civilization." He has won innumerable medals, prizes, and honors from all over the earth, and the Nobel Peace Prize for 1952.

MEDICINE: The hospital plant at Lambarene has had to be moved physically and rebuilt several times. In addition to common conditions, Schweitzer must treat tropical scourges like epidemics of amoebic and bacillary dysentery, malaria (almost all his patients have this), strangulated hernia, elephantiasis, leprosy, etc. Many Africans also suffer from severe nutritional deficiencies which may be responsible for the prevalence of (uncancerous) tumor.

"At the organ in Gunsbach."

"Waiting for the doctor."

"Dr. Schweitzer helps leper children with their French lesson."

they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience Who He is."

• "An organ is like a cow; one does not look at its horns so much as at its milk."

• "Joy, sorrow, tears, lamentation, laughter—to all these music gives voice, but in such a way that we are transported from the world of unrest to a world of peace, and see reality in a new way, as if we were sitting by a mountain lake and contemplating hills and woods and clouds in the tranquil and fathomless water."

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THE IMPORTANCE OF THOUGHT

RATIONAL thought is important for its own sake and as it leads to a higher form which Schweitzer calls mystical thought. Pure reason can carry us only so far: to penetrate further we must quiet the mind and await the insight for which reason has prepared us.

This higher thought may contradict the expectations of logical, rational thought. Perhaps that is why men have often distrusted it. Actually the new insight may be a premise, in support of which rational thought must build a new structure. Moreover, intuitive insight may include a larger whole than sense data can immediately verify—just as complete knowledge of H_2O must include awareness of ice and steam even though water be its present form recognized by the senses. Water when it boils does not cease to be H_2O. So rational thought does not cease to be thought when it boils over into mystical, or integral, thought. Schweitzer recognizes that mystical thought may lead to a denial of knowledge based upon reason, and seek an experience apart from life itself. But this is a growth to be pruned. He says that mysticism is not the flower on the plant of thought. It is but the stalk; ethics is the flower. What he calls ethical mysticism, therefore, "admits how absolutely mysterious and unfathomable are the world and life. It is knowledge insofar as it does know the one thing which we can and must know in the sphere of this mystery, namely, that all Being is life, and that in loving self-devotion to other life we realize our spiritual union with infinite being."

Ordinary commonsense knowledge tells us that we must watch after ourselves and our interests first. But that knowledge is superseded when, through the experience of love, we see that another's life is as important as our own. Schweitzer, like Gandhi, would have us go one step further and see all others as objects of love. This step reason cannot take for us; nor can emotional attachment to another person. The step is made for us when we determine to look beyond the temporal to the eternal, to seek communion with the ground of all Being.

But, insists *le grand docteur,* we cannot break through the ultimate mystery. Beyond us is the unfathomable deep. While we may measure time, we cannot measure eternity, and our time is bounded on all sides by the eternal. It is an awesome prospect to view and as we watch it we see all living creatures mirrored there. All creatures as one.

"Return to Africa."

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FICTION

Hypnotic Days at Montefort

***"A World of Love," by Elizabeth Bowen** (Alfred A. Knopf. 244 pp. $3.50), is the story of the menage of a great house in the south of Ireland and of young Jane, who inadvertently meets the past in its attic.*

By Walter Havighurst

IN IRELAND the past holds on more spectrally than elsewhere, and it haunts "A World of Love," Elizabeth Bowen's glimmering novel of the interrelated people in a south-of-Ireland country seat. To start with, there is the fading mansion of Montefort, with its shutters half closed over unused rooms. Around it are the weedy gardens, the thickets sloping to the river, the meadow rising to the obelisk. On the skyline stand the mountains, seeming to hold the world away.

The novel's fitful drama takes place in the emotions of four people who share the memories of Montefort. The memories center on Guy, who owned the estate in better years. His death in France in 1918 left a void in the lives of his cousin Antonia and his fiancée, Lilia. Now, thirty years later, Lilia's husband is farming the estate and her daughter Jane is home for the summer. The restless Antonia has come from London, remembering the unquiet past. Guy belongs to the past but he does not stay there. During three June days of hypnotic heat and sunlight he is more real among them than a living man could be.

In glancing reflections and fleeting disclosures Elizabeth Bowen shows that present and past are not separate but fused. When Jane, guided by her own restlessness, went to the Montefort attic the only stir in that breathless place was in herself. But the past was there. She was not looking for the letters which fell out of a folded muslin dress; Guy's letters found her. She would not have read them except—except that they had insisted on forcing their own way out.

Like anyone of twenty, Jane was incurious about the past. What she had heard of it, spoken either with falsifying piety or with bitterness, led her to prefer her own confused time. But soon the past began to work upon her, and upon them all. The letters went through all their hands—Jane's, Lilia's, Fred's, Antonia's—before they were burned at last. With them went an agitation of things past and a premonition of things to be. Even after their burning, the letters left a heat.

THE half real world becomes the real in Miss Bowen's pages, and the actual withdraws. This is done by indirection, by honoring her people's intuitions and charging their air with suspended realizations. It is a touchy business. Under any pressure—there is a too significant empty chair at a dinner party; there is a too insistent love-at-first-sight at the novel's end—the illusion collapses. Miss Bowen's mannered style with its wilful obliqueness and pointless inversions adds another obstacle to belief. But her accomplishment is both difficult and real. Through most of this novel, which rests lightly on intuitions, the reader not only believes but shares the inner agitation of three hovering and hypnotic days at Montefort.

If not wholly successful, "A World of Love" offers one of fiction's rare rewards: it quickens the consciousness of life. What is it to be alive? Jane Danby asks throughout these summer days and nights. Some answers come to her. It is to know the rush of memory from the unquiet past; it is to feel the suspended future. It is to see the interrelations of things past, present, and to be. At the Hunt Fête, all that is left of the country life that Guy once knew, she danced a waltz called "Destiny." Afterward came the realization that people are the instruments of each other's destinies, that it is the nature of the past to intrude the present, that the hard, bright senses know less of reality than is discerned by glimmering intuition.

—*Angus McBean.*

THE AUTHOR: Elizabeth Bowen, tall, sensitive, handsome Irishwoma of fifty-five who would have col lected matchboxes if she had to d it all over again, is admirable proc that first-rate writing can be in debted to second-rate art, an therein lies a tale, as the sayin goes. Miss Bowen as a teenage turned out a batch of nice drawing an accomplishment that sent he scurrying off to art school. Wel it turned out after a term or tw that perhaps she had better tr something else, and Miss Bowe and Art parted on the best terms. She tried poetry. Fro there it was only a skip and a jum to her career as a novelist, a caree that has been one of literature joys. Actually, Miss Bowen ex hibited plenty of writing talent a youngster. Her headmistress at school in Kent, England, where sh was educated, once told her she be a writer when she grew up, ar her friends told her the same thin She was too shy to discuss th whole business, however. "When did begin trying to write, at nin teen," Miss Bowen said years late "my intentions were deadly seriou From the moment that, as it wer my pen touched paper I thought nothing but writing, and since th I have thought of practically not ing else." Altogether, she h written more than a dozen bool many of them echoing her day-t day life—in Bowen's Court County Cork, an old stone hou that is the family heirloom; duri the civil war in Ireland, and as air-raid warden during the Lond blitz, among other things. H books have prompted critics to r Thesaurus in search of synony for "sensitive," "rare," "intelligen and other adjectives critics a stingy with. Miss Bowen does have a notebook to her na thinks all her characters are "co posite," and on a good day wri 600 words. "In as nearly as possi a silent room," she once said wh asked for the perfect writ surroundings. "A large writ table. Outlook, if possible, on tre No social engagement before 6 P.M. After that a drink, a bath dress that's fun to put on, and little gaiety." —BERNARD KALI

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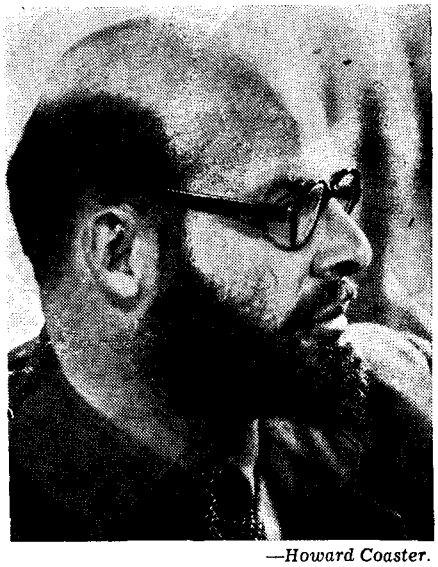
Flowering Humanity

"The Goodly Seed," by John Wyllie *(E. P. Dutton. 218 pp. $3), investigates the effect of war on men of all manners who are incarcerated in a Jap prison camp.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

NO WORLD WAR II novel I have read has the originality one finds in Cummings's "The Enormous Room," Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," or Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers." I do not say this to deprecate World War II novels. As Malcolm Cowley has pointed out, their general level of competence and interest is high. Gangling though they are, American novels such as "The Naked and the Dead," "From Here to Eternity," and "The Young Lions" have vitality and point. Though they are somewhat too derivative in technique, Alfred Hayes's "All Thy Conquests" and John Horne Burns's "The Gallery" are well formed as well as illuminating. Similarly, British novels about World War II, such as those of Alexander Baron and, now, John Wyllie's "The Goodly Seed," usually are intelligent and well integrated. Perhaps none of the novels about the late war is a book one reads over and over, but they are illuminating and a pleasure to read at least once.

John Wyllie's "The Goodly Seed" is one of the best war novels in the English language about World War II. Though it is set in a Japanese prison camp and the war itself only comes in through occasional flashbacks, it communicates vividly what happens to men in and after battle and suggests a great deal about man's place in the universe at any time. Though the story involves a murder, a long dying, an attempt at escape, and several exciting treks through the jungle, what stays with you after the reading is not so much the story as the people, what war has done to the goodly seed men of all races potentially are, and the author's substantiated conviction that we must have faith "in that seed, in its immortality and its power, for the seed is indivisible from the Universe, though it is still no more than a seed, and the Universe is the greatest thing we know."



—*Howard Coaster.*

John Wyllie—"comprehensive humanity."

A surprising number of the people whose characterization substantiates Mr. Wyllie's conviction are both convincing and memorable. There is Yoshimitsu, the sergeant who runs the camp, a humane man who sometimes acts cruelly because his culture has taught him to regard all human beings as expendable; Timmers, the psychotic who has killed twenty-eight people and who is so comprehensible one likes him; Van Reebeck, the half-caste who is uncomfortable with those who are not, who nevertheless acts heroically; Smith, the Protestant missionary who discovers he has not acted like a Christian; Schiller, the docile Catholic who doubts God when the Commandant he loves dies; Burns, the American Southerner who overcomes (in part) his racial prejudices; Dr. Bruin, the rational man who loves the Commandant but lets him die of beri-beri because he thinks the inadequate supply of medicine should be given to the younger men, who are more likely to recover. The Commandant, who is near death throughout the novel, is the most admirable character and the most fully developed. Though he is nominally an atheist, he is also a kind of Christ-figure who is able to forget his suffering in his efficient love for all those in the camp.

What distinguishes "The Goodly Seed" from any other war novel I have read is its comprehensive humanity. Mr. Wyllie himself spent three and a half years in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. Though the experience must have included starvation, cruelty, and disease, he was still able to preserve his faith in the potentiality for good that inheres in all people. Neither the characters nor the camp experiences are presented sentimentally, but everyone and everything are understood with such perfect charity that one comes away from the novel with his faith in human nature strengthened. Mr. Wyllie's ability to do this in a first novel that is vividly written and tautly constructed argues well for his chance to become a writer of still more considerable importance.

Flourishing Orcs

"The Fellowship of the Ring," by J. R. R. Tolkien *(Houghton Mifflin. 423 pp. $5), is part of a marvelous history of the great war that dominated the Third Age in the land once inhabited by Hobbits, Elves, Trolls, and others.*

By Louis J. Halle

ANYONE who reviews "The Fellowship of the Ring" faces a peculiar difficulty. If Professor J. R. R. Tolkien had chosen to write about ancient Greece the reviewer might assume that his readers had already heard of it. He cannot, however, assume any knowledge of Middle-earth, that land once inhabited by Hobbits, Elves, Dwarves, Trolls, Orcs, Men, and certain Powers of Darkness. Western scholarship has neglected those Hobbit chronicles of the Third Age which have come down to us in the Red Book of Westmarch. The general reader has had access to them only through Professor Tolkien's earlier study, "The Hobbit," published here in 1938. But that was for children and did not dwell on the darker things which have ever invested the history of Middle-earth with an element of tragedy.

The present volume is the first of three that together, as "The Lords of the Rings," will constitute virtually a complete history of the great war which dominated the Third Age. All three have now been written, the second having already appeared in England, so that we have a right to expect the early completion of publication in this country. This is important since, like all good history, Professor Tolkien's great work has a bearing on our own times.

Some will contend that what Professor Tolkien has done here is not to write history at all but simply to invent a mythology for which no scientific evidence can be adduced. The scientific historians are bound to point out that such Hobbit chronicles as those of the Tooks of Great Smials, the Brandybucks of Brandy Hall, and even the Baggins chronicles themselves must be rejected on the grounds that they have nowhere been corroborated in the chronicles of Men (let alone Elves). Students who recognize that history is a branch of literature, however, will take a different view. They may even suspect the scientific historians of being put off by the readability of Professor Tolkien's work, which makes them doubt his scholarship.

Surely the truth is that mythology

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and history are not really two different fields in terms of what one might call the higher authenticity. (The authors of the Pentateuch must have known this well.) Professor Tolkien has written both here, and though his work cannot meet the scientific test it should, if one may judge by this sample, meet the longer and more exacting literary test.

One important question in the literary test we have already been able to answer. "The Fellowship of the Ring" is so readable that this reviewer was all but incapable of putting it down at any point; and when he finished it late at night he immediately turned to the first pages to read them over again. He expects to keep the book for family reading through the years. The adventures that Frodo Baggins and his companions survived in that journey toward Evil which he undertook in the hope of disposing at last of his historic burden, the encounters with Ring-wraiths, Orcs, and on one occasion a Balrog, are breathtaking. And even if this were not so one would read on merely for the beauty of the language which, although it is essentially the Westron Speech, has in it still an infusion of Elvish that recalls the Elder Days.

Another essential question in the literary test we can also answer: The reader of this book feels his stature increased by it. While he remains under its spell (as this reviewer still is days later) life is ennobled in its meaning. Our present Age ("one almost as darkling and ominous as was the Third Age") is apprehended more vividly and with the suggestion of a godlike understanding.

The publishers, in addition to producing a handsome volume, have supplied two excellent and indispensable maps, the folding one in the back being printed on some untearable magic paper (perhaps Dwarf-made).

January Thaw

By D. Rainer

THE EARTH is wet and running wild
Wean it, let us, of waterwhirl

That headlong spurt from mountain springs
Heave, lurch to swirled marshlands.

Stir the wet leaves, mud and old grass,
Tread, let us, the wet twigs, and pass.

The air is wet with earth, yet light.
Radiance set on both, the weight

Of dual stardoms balance the load
Star moss on earth, their reflections above.

Suspense, Subtle and Devious

***"Pray for a Brave Heart," by Helen MacInnes** (Harcourt, Brace. 311 pp. $3.75), is a new suspense story of foreign agents and missing diamonds in central Europe by the author of "Above Suspicion."*

By Harrison Smith

—Kay Bell.

Helen MacInnes—"past master."

SUSPENSE novels are popular these days since they mirror darkly the dangers and apprehensions of people everywhere, whether they are tales of domestic malice leading to murder or recitals of hair-raising events on the borders between free and enslaved lands. The cloak-and-dagger yarns of the days of Anthony Hope's Graustark are hopelessly out of date; they have been replaced by more subtle, complex, and less melodramatic stories in which the major ingredient is fear of torture or sudden death. Women novelists have now taken a hand in the deadly game; and, whether it is because they are more subtle and devious, they are often more successful than their male counterparts in keeping their readers' nerves on edge until they have reached the final chapter.

One of the most able of writers of this genre is Helen MacInnes, whose "Above Suspicion" of a few years ago has not been forgotten. Her latest achievement is "Pray for a Brave Heart," which is equally successful, though slightly more exotic since it deals with an attempt of Communists to sell the fabulous Herz collection of diamonds, Nazi loot belonging to France, which had fallen into the clutching hands of Gentleman Goering and had apparently been lost to sight forever. Jim Denning, a young American secret agent living in West Berlin, was ready to leave for home when one evening an older friend of higher rank in the service stole into his room and persuaded him that the Herz diamonds were being taken in devious ways to Switzerland and asked him to join him in the hunt. Max Meyer is typical of the breed of men, invented by novelists, perhaps, who never let their right hand know what their left hand is doing, and who are able to be anything to anybody, or if necessary to vanish suddenly into space.

Denning is taken back into the service and sent to a certain hotel in Berne, where he soon finds that the fat maid and the too-bright hotel clerk are enemy spies. At this point the plot becomes delightfully involved. The dangerous Greek antagonist they are looking for is discovered to be an excellent and equally deadly copy of himself. Denning meets Francesca, a fair but pallid and silent young woman, whose entire family had been killed by Nazis in Italy. For several years she had been the head of a group of devoted people centered in the nearby village of Falken who were engaged in aiding fugitives wanted by the Communists to escape. A group of Red scoundrels intend to capture and torture her until she confesses and then to kill her. Another sinister character is revealed to be an American millionaire who has gone too far to the left and who is suspected of purchasing the Herz diamonds from the Greek, who is then in a position to blackmail him. Violent action begins when Max Meyer is killed in Berne and the entire collection of agents and police on both sides of the fence moves into Falken and its forested hills.

That a plot so involved and with so many characters, who may or may not be what they appear to be, is credible is entirely due to the remarkable talent of Miss MacInnes for bewildering the reader in so lucid a manner that he is convinced that the story could have happened. If the protagonists in the deadly struggle to

(Continued on page 34)

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Cerebral Mechanics

"The Human Brain," by John Pfeiffer (Harper. 273 pp. $3.75), is an exposition for the layman of what scientists have thus far learned about the mechanical operations of the brain. Dr. Henry Viets, who reviews it here, is the editor of "Neurology and Psychiatry in General Practice," and other works.

By Henry Viets, M.D.

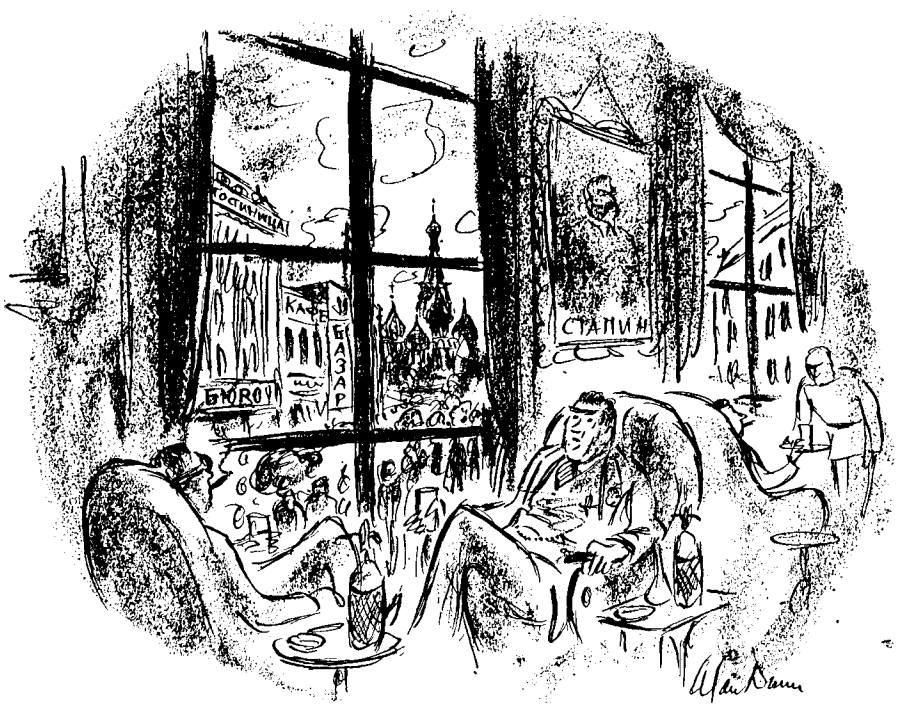
ALTHOUGH the article on "brain" occupies only a little over two inches of space in the Columbia Encyclopedia, it and all the rest of the information compiled there could not have been written or even envisaged without that "mass of the nervous tissue in the cranium" we call the human brain. How this complex structure developed in man from a single cell, how (in part) it works, and what can be done to set it right when the mechanism goes wrong is the theme of "The Human Brain," an important and timely book by John Pfeiffer.

This trained observer, among the best of the science news writers, has written a comprehensive summary of the structure and function of the brain in a readable and understandable style. Even more important, he has sketched in the modern treatments by chemical and surgical means of disorders of the "cerebral jungle," as carried out in the laboratories and clinics of the most advanced research centers. No important aspect of the physical treatment of brain disorders has been missed. All, including psychotherapy, electro-shock, and drug treatment, are competently evaluated. Indeed, a surprising amount of information is set forth, without deviation from the narrow line of scientific truth. This worthy accomplishment lends force to the book, which should have the wholehearted endorsement of men of science, as well as the discriminating readers with non-scientific leanings.

If you want to know the basic reason for Joe Louis's decreased efficiency in the ring, for Joe DiMaggio's retirement from the Yankees, why John Barrymore once gave "Hamlet" in a night club, why George Kell forgot that he threw out his man at third base, why Jack Sharkey failed to remember his fight with Dempsey, why boxers in New York have to pass a brain-wave test, why Ted Williams is stoical, or why the lady dropped her pocketbook in the Union Station in Washington when she walked past the tall stone columns along the corridor on a sunny day, you will find the answers in "The Human Brain." To gather his facts the author traveled widely from Old Lyme to Manteno and we can trace him into hospitals and laboratories where he politely introduces the reader to the leading researchers in brain studies —the electroencephalographers, the psychiatrists, and neurosurgeons— who report their findings on psychosurgery, pseudo-psychology, juvenile delinquency, shock treatment for the mentally ill, "hypnopedagogy," and other topics of particular pertinency. To all of us who have a natural tendency to "know how it works," the basic instinct of the inquiring mind, the book gives a full quota of information.

The functions of the brain are so complicated, as is the structure itself, with its billions of cells and tangle of connecting fibers, that fundamental concepts such as "mind," "consciousness," "memory," and "emotion" elude us in our present state of knowledge. Only the mechanical part of cerebration is slowly being disclosed. Even as I write the pathway along which the impulse travels, the signals which guide, the terminal points and turnabouts can only be partly indicated. What starts the evolution of an idea, directs, diverts, terminates, or transmutes it to another form is completely unknown.

The seat of the mind, in "The Human Brain," is hardly considered; the level of exposition is largely anatomical and physiological, not psychological or mental. Descriptions tend toward the mechanical, the robotry of the automaton dealing with thinking machines rather than with thought. Nothing here helps us to understand the mind of Keats or Shakespeare, Dostoevsky or Santayana. "Eddies of electricity" or "circular reflex circuits" do not enlighten us or help to explain the genius of Newton or Einstein. Pfeiffer gives us all that is known at present; only by future endeavors can the mechanisms (if such they be) behind memory, prediction, and other mental activities be disclosed. The author believes that this knowledge is coming and perhaps in the not too distant future. With this we can agree.



"Trouble is you can't really tell a hidden capitalist— he may look like us—dress like us—act like us . . ."

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Climate for Everyone

"Our American Weather," by George H. T. Kimble *(McGraw-Hill. 332 pp. $4.75), is a popular volume tracing the weather of the United States through the cycle of a year;* ***"Sun, Sea, and Sky," by Irving P. Krick and Roscoe Fleming*** *(Lippincott. 248 pp. $3.95) describes some of the main features of weather throughout the world, and considers methods of predicting and controlling it. Below the books are reviewed by Ivan Ray Tannehill, author of several books on meteorology, who recently retired after forty years of service in the Weather Bureau.*

By Ivan Ray Tannehill

SIX years ago the American Meteorological Society undertook a survey of the present state of meteorology and three years later published the "Compendium of Meteorology." This excellent work contains 1,334 pages, probably more than a million words (I didn't count them), and weighs seven and one-half pounds. It could not and did not pretend to be complete. Meteorology, even without climate, is now far from being a one-book science.

Latest of a long line of recent books on this subject are George H. T. Kimble's "Our American Weather" and Irving P. Krick's and Roscoe Fleming's "Sun, Sea, and Sky." So vast is the field of weather that at no point do they overlap, and neither of them contains much that was in the "Compendium of Meteorology."

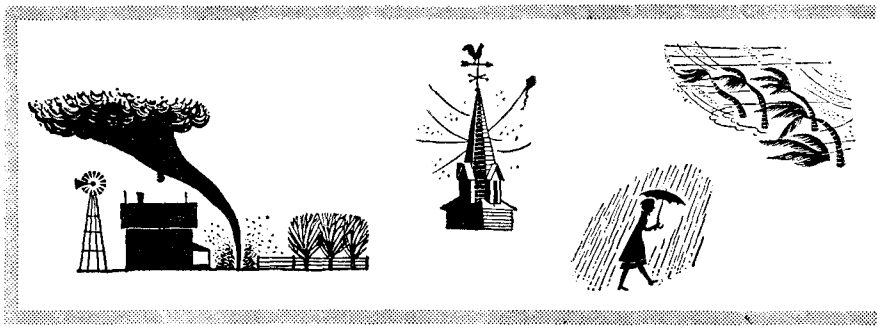
It has been nearly twenty years since a popular book devoted to the weather of our continent and the why and how of it has been offered to the man in the street. And it is in the street where most of us have to put up with the weather! "Why the Weather?" by Dr. Charles F. Brooks, attained top rank as a popular weather book in its second edition in the mid-Thirties.

Now Dr. Kimble faithfully preserves the panoramic character of the weather around the year, the grand sweep of the air masses, the ebb and flow of the seasons across the continent, the onslaught of storms and other violent disturbances, and the amazing extremes that are found within our borders. The how and why of it, in answer to hundreds of possible questions, are inserted within the appropriate months without unduly straining the casual reader.

Here and there Dr. Kimble wanders among fascinating diversions but always comes back quickly to get in step with the march of the weather. This is weather of the down-to-earth kind that affects us when we shovel snow, spade the garden, mow the lawn, or rake the leaves, to say nothing of golf, fishing, or visiting Aunt Emma. But it is not a treatise on climate. There are neat graphs harboring details for reference but the picture is in words and not in columns of figures.

Instead of being down to earth, Krick's and Fleming's "Sun, Sea, and Sky" takes its viewpoint in space, seeing the earth as a spinning planet, the sun dominant, the continents and oceans as influential bystanders, and man trying to predict the changes in the circulation of the atmosphere and foresee the major trends in weather and climate. There is no other book like it simply because it presents the theories and methods of the senior author and there is no other meteorologist like Dr. Krick. The panorama here, when there is one, stretches across the decades, the centuries, the ages of geology. From this point of view the authors tell us about the importance of fitting human activities to the limitations placed on us by the atmosphere, of working in partnership with nature. They find much hope in the current efforts to modify the weather, especially rainfall, by artificial means.

When the book is on its main track it deals with the giants among the air streams, the vast sweep of weather processes around the earth, and the tremendous energies involved in storms and other atmospheric disturbances, dwarfing the power of the atom bomb. And when it is off the track it is equally interesting. Without any apparent relation to the main theme, the authors turn their attention to weather in war and lead up to the predictions for D-day in June 1944. It is a good story. The senior author was there—a member of the team of forecasters. Almost everywhere in the book there is evidence of the magic touch of the expert newspaperman, doubtless the junior author. Altogether it is an absorbing book.



—From "Our American Weather"

The World of Wood

"Timber in Your Life," by Arthu H. Carhart *(Lippincott. 317 pp. $4, surveys for the layman the problem now facing the nation in the effectiv conservation and use of our forest re sources. Paul B. Sears, who reviews here, is chairman of the Yale Unive sity Conservation Program and th author of "Deserts on the March."*

By Paul B. Sears

IT IS one of the ironies of the ag of metal (no pun intended) an plastics that it has brought no let-u in the demand for wood and othe forest products. One should add als by-products, to include the pa which forests play in regulating th movement of water, the tempering c climate, the production of wild-lif and the general contribution to thos amenities which make for better liv ing on our crowded planet.

It is another curious fact that or of the most ancient uses of wood—fc fuel—is still the heaviest. And, whil we are at it, a still more curious fa is that humanity is thoroughly schizoi so far as forests are concerned. W cannot make up our minds whether t cherish them for their benefits or t destroy them as our rivals for spac There is no longer any doubt that th forest was our cradle and that we ow to its selective influence some of ou most valuable qualities: graspir hands, free-moving shoulders, an stereoscopic vision. Yet credit ager cies speak of cleared land as "im proved," and Spaniards homesick fc the sheep-devastated lands of Cas tile destroyed beautiful trees in th Vale of Mexico for no other reason.

Paradox follows paradox. The bul of our timber land is in small wooc lots, not in great Government re serves or corporate holdings. And is big business, so often pictured a ruthless, which is today taking th most effective measures to insure continuing supply of wood for the fu ture. It is the little fellow who has

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be shown—and helped—to do his share. His consent as a citizen is needed to insure adequate appropriations for better care of public forests. His skill and cooperation as an individual owner of the small woodlot are necessary if we are to have a sound forest policy. Eastern and Midwestern states, which now import some three-fourths of their wood supply from the hard-pressed South and Northwest, producing only the remaining fraction, could quite reverse the ratio by proper management.

THE forest itself is a place of enchantment for those who have eyes to see. So is the individual tree, whether we consider the marvelous chemical transformation which it accomplishes so quietly, or the miracle of its birth, growth, and decay. The forest is not a mere aggregation of trees, but a living community whose laws must be known and respected if we are to enjoy its benefits.

Thus it is that when an author undertakes to tell, in the words of his publishers, "the full story of the uses and misuses of one of our most crucial natural resources" he is tackling a man-sized job. Bless his soul, Arthur Carhart has brought it off. From now on, whenever I am asked, as often happens, "Where can I find out about forests and forestry in a way I can understand?" there will be no problem. "Timber in Your Life" is the answer. I have caught no important aspect of the subject which has been forgotten, nor have I detected any unfairness, despite the author's strong convictions, in his presentation of hot controversial issues—notably the current attempt to wrest control of grazing on national forests and other public lands from those charged by law with conserving them.

Mr. Carhart has done an imposing piece of research and translated it into good readable vernacular. Even the hand lens of a scientist has difficulty in finding trivial errors of fact. If they are there it is more fault of publisher than writer for failure to backstop scientific minutiae with the same care that is devoted to punctuation and other mechanical matters. Even the professional scientist and his editor find this necessary with technical papers on subjects with which the author is quite at home. The editorial obligation is even greater when a professional writer has done an exhaustive job to the best of his ability. Fortunately, in this instance the need is almost nil, but enough books on resources have been marred so that the caveat is important.

Not the least valuable part of the book is the vigorous introduction by Bernard DeVoto.

WRITERS AND WRITING

Epistolary Peak

"Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Sir Horace Mann," edited by W. S. Lewis, Warren Hunting Smith, and George L. Lam *(Yale University Press. 3 vols., $30), fills the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth volumes of the Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence. Professor James L. Clifford of Columbia University, who reviews it below, is the editor of "Johnsonian Studies: 1887-1950" and other works on the eighteenth century.*

By James L. Clifford

"WE NOW come to the great Andean range of the Walpolian continent," writes W. S. Lewis, introducing the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth volumes of the Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence, and no one will deny the claim. Of all Walpole's correspondences the one with Sir Horace Mann is the longest, the one with the most substance and entertainment. This, we are tempted to say, is the top. If there are higher mountain ranges elsewhere they have not yet been discovered.

For over forty-five years the letters passed back and forth between England and Italy. In all over 1,700 have survived, enough to fill ten large volumes when this series is complete. Mann's are now printed in full for the first time from the original manuscripts. Walpole's, long known and admired, are here scrupulously reproduced, with the restoration of some paragraphs which were censored by prudish nineteenth-century editors. The original letters, to be sure, have disappeared, and what we have are merely revised copies made by Walpole himself, perhaps with an eye to posterity. But the versions actually sent were probably not much different.

The editing of the present volume maintains the lofty standard already set by Mr. Lewis and his colleagues. To say this is high praise indeed, for this edition of Walpole's correspondence has become a standard by which to judge other works of scholarship. Whenever possible each name and place is identified. The reader is given almost more than he needs of background material, with numerous quotations from unprinted state papers. Yet the text is easy to read, and the volumes are a joy to handle.

These letters show how early Walpole reached maturity as a writer. By the age of twenty-three he had developed the same crisp style and biting wit so admired in his later years. He had already adopted the attitude of the ironic commentator on life. For essentially Walpole was an observer, not an active participant. He gaily writes about other people's love affairs and illegitimate children, but gives no hint of any philandering of his own. He was a member of Parliament, and in the early 1740s, during the excitement of the overthrow of his father, he was conscientious in attendance. Yet he took little part in debate or back-stage negotiations.

His excuse was bad health. How true this was, or how much a pose, is difficult to determine. "I don't want money," he once commented, "consequently no old women pay me for my wit; I have a very flimsy constitution, consequently the young women won't taste my wit." Again and again he writes as if he were a jaded older man and not a youth in his twenties. Sometimes this affectation becomes a bit irritating, as when he and his correspondent continually refer to each other as "my dear child."

THERE are constantly recurring themes in his letters to Mann. Knowing his friend's tastes, Walpole passes

—Culver.

Walpole—"crisp style, biting wit."

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on all the latest political gossip, the reports of foreign affairs, news of marriages, births, and deaths among the nobility. Occasionally he adds the latest amusing off-color story that is being passed around London—a witty quip of Peg Woffington to her keeper, or the outrageous testing of the Duke of Beaufort's virility.

Mann also was an observer. The present editors are at some pains to justify printing in their entirety his detailed accounts of European diplomacy, Italian politics, and Florentine gallantry. Earlier critics have referred to Mann's "dry, heavy style" and to the boring nature of his topics. But Mann's writing is dull only in contrast to the brilliance of his correspondent. He can muster on occasion the same dry, ironic manner; he can tell a story dramatically. While it is no doubt true that many American readers will tend to skip lightly over his comments on Continental affairs, they will risk missing entertaining tidbits. Though the pages tend to turn into a phantasmagoria of names and places, there is a fascinating interwoven pattern which adds to the authenticity of this picture of upper-class life in eighteenth-century Italy.

Mann's letters are decidedly not stodgy. What he lacked was genius. He could never approach Walpole's subtle stings of innuendo, his artful preparations for the "punch line" in an anecdote, or his skilful changes of pace. Walpole's art depends so much on timing. He knows when to hold back and when to press forward. Sometimes the rush of gossip seems actually to tumble out. As a prose stylist he is a master of mood and rhythm.

There is no disputing, however, that many readers will find arid stretches. For one thing, during these years there is little about literature. In his accounts of British affairs Walpole at times is deadly serious, and there are few amusing anecdotes. Sometimes, too, the medley of family names becomes bewildering for the uninitiated. But Walpole admirably mirrors the shifting preoccupations of his immediate circle. He does provide, as Mr. Lewis suggests he meant to do, "a full, accurate, and readable account of his own time."

Life-size Lawrence

"The Intelligent Heart," by Harry T. Moore *(Farrar, Straus & Young. 468 pp. $6.50), is a biographical and critical study of D. H. Lawrence. Mary Freeman, who reviews it below, has frequently contributed to the critical journals on Lawrence and Arthur Koestler.*

By Mary Freeman

TWO years ago in "The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence" Harry T. Moore spoke in absolutes implying finality and the lack of need for any further work, biographical or critical. Fortunately, he took his own implication lightly and has now written "The Intelligent Heart," from which Lawrence emerges more nearly full-size than from other biographies. The incorporation of more than a hundred previously unpublished letters by Lawrence is largely responsible for the approximation to life-size here, but it is the relative freedom from constricting generalizations that allows him to come through.

Although he draws heavily on his omnibus earlier work in "The Intelligent Heart," Mr. Moore has, by dropping most of the synopses and criticisms, eliminated the troublesome crisscrossing and retracing they necessitated. Rewriting and enriching the residual with further biographical materials and the letters, he has produced a far more felicitous book for the cursive reader. Scholars will be pleased with the letters and other new items, but they are likely to quarrel with a number of isolated, abrupt assertions like "But certainly much of the vitality in Lawrence's later work seems almost a manifestation of Schopenhauerian *will*." How and why, deponent sayeth not. Nor will they fully approve his casual weighing of materials.

Mr. Moore has gone after Lawrence-ana with impartial acquisitiveness. He has diligently approached Lawrence's family and friends by letter and in person; he has dug into the memoirs and biographies of those who moved in Lawrence's orbit or even grazed it tangentially. The result is an impressive stock of details which he has exhibited with similar impartiality. At its best this equi-valent, pointillistic spotting of elements achieves a fresh and intimate view, and its worst dead-end trivia like the exact address of a London firm where Lawrence's long-deceased brother once worked.

Mr. Moore has accomplished a memorable evocation of Lawrence's early environment and caught the poignancy of Lawrence's habitual turn toward "the roads and footpaths northward across the farmlands and toward the patches of forest" and away from the industrial horror behind him. A good part of his stock on Nottingham-Derbyshire came from the late William Hopkin, a self-taught scholar and peppery Socialist. It is precisely from such material that the book derives much of its value. For example, Mr. Moore notes that Hopkin was an important intellectual influence on the community which he strove to sensitize to the arts and to social issues. On Sunday nights he would corral the young for lively discussions and sometimes introduced such notables as Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Philip Snowden, and Ramsay MacDonald. Lawrence was close to Hopkin and participated in all this. It seems likely, therefore, that the discussions on books and social problems by the youths of "The White Peacock," though awkward and self-conscious, represented more of a reality than some critics have been willing to allow.

Other periods are also handled with distinction by Mr. Moore. He shows that, despite Lawrence's mounting wretchedness as a teacher at the Davidson Road School, the writer who later satirized the perversions of progressive education developed a flexible teaching technique quite in the original progressive spirit. Again, Mr. Moore gives an incisive account of Lawrence's bouts with creeping censorship, and has shown that in circumventing it he displayed marked business acumen. Equally well pre-

(*Continued on page 49*)

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Guides for Shutterbugs

Is photography your leisure-time hobby? SR continues its occasional series of articles on books designed to help make your spare moments more rewarding with a guide to photographic books and manuals by John Wolbarst, managing editor of Modern Photography.

By John Wolbarst

IF YOU are one of the two million Americans (informed guess) who make photography an important recreation, a livelihood, or a part of both you have doubtless looked curiously—and perplexedly—at some of the more than 550 photographic books now in print.

Where do you begin? And, once begun, where stop? How many books does a photographer need? What should they be about? Why does he need *any* books?

To answer these questions we must in turn ask: Who is buying the books? How much does he know about photography? And, even more important, how much does he want to know? For the skills and aims of photographers are as varied as their names. No single book, or single set of books, can fill the needs of all photographers. However, it seems to me that whether you take your pictures with a box Brownie or a Rolleiflex there are basic reasons for having books which apply equally.

These reasons are: To supply basic operational information which, plus practice, gives the photographer adequate physical command of his equipment, materials, and techniques so they will produce desired results.

To provide a reference source to which the photographer can turn for answers to specific technical problems.

To offer ideas and inspiration, through words, and by containing examples of stimulating and creative photography.

From a practical point of view the books to meet these needs should bear some relation to the skill level of the photographer and the cost of his equipment.

I have attempted to lay out minimum basic selections for book needs at various stages of photographic interest and skill; also to suggest directions in which these minimum selections may be expanded to satisfy any individual needs.

It is no coincidence that photographic manufacturers have either published, or subsidized publication of, a large percentage of the best how-to-do-it, equipment, and scientific books, as well as a few excellent works about photography as a means of expression. While these volumes usually refer mainly to one brand name, most of the information is applicable generally.

Certain problems peculiar to photography have made books almost as necessary as cameras. Modern technology has so simplified the act of picture-taking that anyone can perform it successfully. Nevertheless, picture takers are likely to produce consistently better results if they know what they are doing. This involves two main tasks, which *must* be performed in the following order:

(1) Mastering a set of specific manual operations necessary to make equipment and/or materials function.

(2) Utilizing these operations to produce a desired result.

Books are the best source for such information. Today how-to-do-its form the bulk of book lists. Still, mere manual dexterity and technical skill do not by themselves add up to good photography. So those few books which offer picture-taking ideas and creative approaches are of great value, too, even for beginners.

MY BOOK selections are designed for three quite separate groups:

Beginner and/or casual snapshooter. I define this type as including the very young with their first cameras: adult owners of box or simple folding cameras; people of any age who have in some manner (gift, perhaps) acquired cameras whose operation remains ever a mystery to them. People in this group just want "nice clear pictures." Their struggle is not with creative problems, but with the knobs, levers, and dials of the device in hand. If they succeed in merely learning to "make it work" they will produce pictures of some sort.

Are you in this group? If so, first and most important is the instruction booklet for your camera. If you don't have it try to get one at your nearest camera store (not drugstore). Then the following (asterisks indicate first choice in its class):

***"Better Photography Made Easy"** (Ansco, 25¢). The simplest explanation I know of how cameras work, plus worthwhile hints on picture taking.

***"First Book of Photography,"** by John Hoke. (Franklin Watts, $1.75). For the very young—ten and up.

***"How to Make Good Pictures."** (Eastman Kodak Co., $1). Great-grand-daddy of all photo books. A must.

"Your Simple Flash Camera—How to Use It," by Howard Luray. (Camera Craft Publishing Co., $1.75). This will pay for itself in savings on flashbulbs.

***"Vacation USA with Your Color Camera"** and ***"Vacation Europe with Your Color Camera."** (Eastman, 50¢ each). Two A1 booklets for travelers.

Many other excellent Kodak booklets for beginners cover specific picture-taking problems.

Finally, ask your camera dealer if he gets *Photo Fun*, a lively, literate little quarterly, which many photo dealers distribute free to customers.

You are an interested amateur (by my definition) if you have a camera with several shutter speeds and lens

(*Continued on page* 48)

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The Saturday Review

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The Miracle of Lambarene

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The guest editorial this week is by J. Seelye Bixler, theologian and writer and friend of Dr. Schweitzer, and since 1942 president of Colby College.*

BECAUSE he is so skilful at binding up the wounds of patients in his hospital and restoring health to the sick Albert Schweitzer—who celebrates his eightieth birthday January 14—has become a miracle man to the Africans he serves. Does he not work wonders for us also? Who offers a more eloquent example of the way our society can be made whole? And does anyone else know so well the cure for the divided self?

Schweitzer is above all else an apostle of unity. He shows us first of all how easily people with different backgrounds can come together if human need is presented in the right way. He is himself a German Alsatian and a Lutheran and his wife is of Jewish descent. As members of a French mission in equatorial Africa they work with colleagues from Switzerland, Holland, and Hungary, supported by money and supplies from Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Great Britain, and America. Just as striking is his personal union of scholarly and practical interests. On the one hand theologian, historian, scientist, and music critic, he is on the other physician, organist, and master builder.

But I think we do not understand the subtle nature of the wholeness he has achieved for himself and by implication made possible for us unless we see how carefully his intellectual position has been worked out and how well he has combined two strains of experience that philosophers have sometimes found to be at odds with each other. Consider, for example, his well-known emphasis on reverence for life. At first this appears to classify him with Nietzsche, Klages, or Theodor Lessing, for whom thought is but a brake that impedes the free movement of our energies. Yet to place Schweitzer with this group would be to miss his constant stress on the need for loyalty to truth.

Indeed, at times the desire to be rational seems his chief concern. As a scholar he lets nothing interfere with faithfulness to the facts. As an interpreter of Bach he directs our attention to the almost mathematically rigid abstractions that give Bach's music its special quality. And as a missionary to Africa Schweitzer says he is merely doing what is just in his effort to help the white man to atone for all the injury done his black brother. One can therefore say that it is to truth, beauty, and justice in their somewhat detached and formal aspect that he appeals.

Yet clearly this is only half the story. If his living purposes bow before the rational ideal, just as truly do his ideas return for their content to the stream of life. He may praise reason on one page, but on another he can say: "Every world-view which does not start from resignation in regard to knowledge is artificial and a mere fabrication." He may stress the classical side of Bach yet it was also he who first made clear the colorfully pictorial quality in Bach's music and showed how directly it touches our feelings. And, if in one sense it was justice that sent him to Africa, certainly he was also moved by compassion for the suffering of his fellow mortals.

Which is it then—respect for truth or reverence for life that has th upper hand? If we read Schweitze carefully we see that one leads to th other. As a trained scholar he begin inevitably, with the demands of th intellect and, like Descartes, sets ou to carry doubt to its furthest limit But, where Descartes found that I could not doubt the process of doub ing, Schweitzer finds that what I cannot doubt is the flow of feelin The ultimate datum which may n be questioned is: "I am life that wil to live."

The point to notice is that this discov ery of a feeling that cannot be thougl away does not make Schweitzer Nietzschean any more than does h stress on reverence for life. F Nietzsche the will to live led to th will to power. For Schweitzer it lea to the will to love. How is this? Sin ply because, as Schweitzer sees it, th will to live can not be experience except as associated with other will The ultimate datum is really: "I a life that wills to live *in the midst other life that wills to live.*" And this point life and thought, feeling ar intellect join forces. Schweitzer aware of other wills not only throug sympathy but also because reason i self demands that they be taken in account. The head as well as the hea declines to accept any single datu as final.

THUS, Schweitzer follows hone doubt to the place where it reveals productive synthesis of idea and fee ing, of "world-view" on the one han (to use the terms employed by h translators) and "life-view" on th other. And in doing so he shows how skepticism combines with fai instead of compromising it. This where his greatest contribution to ou divided selfhood is made.

Kierkegaard, the brooding Dani genius of the nineteenth century, le us with two sharply sundered worl For him faith and reason are forev in conflict, and eternal and tempor can meet only through a miracle. Th stresses of our own age make Kierk gaard's problem one whose force w feel but we look to him in vain for solution. Schweitzer, as sensitive aware of the divisions that frustra us, is yet not content with an answ that requires a leap into the supe natural. For him the Kingdom of G is within. The miracle he works com through the healing power of brot erly understanding coupled with t most rigorous honesty of thought. I stead of calling us to sectarian a divisive loyalties Schweitzer mak clear the ties that bind those who be the mark of pain and who, facing t last doubt, discover in it a way to t transformation of suffering throu love.

—J. SEELYE BIXLER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NO CONFLICT

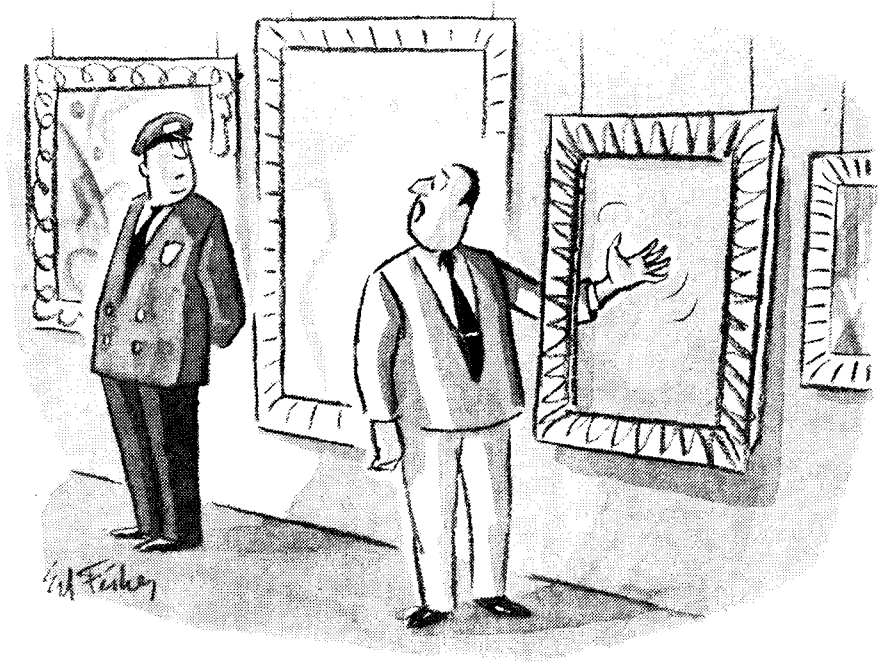
THE TITLE "Christ vs. Socrates" by Reinhold Niebuhr [*SR* Dec. 18] is surely a misnomer. The symbol "vs." generally denotes a conflict; there is none forthcoming here. The reason is that one of the contestants does not exist. Socrates, a brittle moral idol, an antiseptic rationalist, a utopian idealist? What a pallid, bloodless shadow! If Dr. Niebuhr is correct it is incredible that any intelligent person should ever have given him a second glance. Plato did, however. And if he is to be believed Socrates emerges as a man with innards, a giant in battle, a passionate lover of all that is noble, a mystic, and the possessor of great intellectual power, of a magnificent sense of mission, and of a devastating sense of humor. He is so far from a utopian that he acknowledges, even unto death, the supreme value of *de facto* social order, at the expense of (his own) private ideals. Where so much in a man is omitted a contrast between him and any other figure must be regarded as "No contest."

The real issue, of course, is not Socrates, but his teaching; not Socrates and Jesus, but the comparative adequacy of the humanist and Christian views of man. The stubborn fact to which attention is directed is the fact of sin, of man's misery due to his selfishness and pride and his inability to escape this. The question is this: Does the humanist sufficiently account for this fact? It is impossible to answer generally. But Socrates and Plato certainly went much farther than Dr. Niebuhr will allow. One has only to read the "Protagoras," the "Phaedrus," the "Philebus," Book VIII of the "Republic," and the "Timaeus," to see that man's obdurate passional nature, his propensity to evil, the essential instability of his fine ideals, his irrationality, are amply recognized and are necessary consequences of what he is. It is true that the ultimate reason for this situation, the estrangement of man from God, is not seen. Consequently, the way of triumph through faith is missed. But the significance and viability of this Christian answer is blurred if the seeds of its pertinence are not recognized to be present in the insight-filled quests of non-Christian minds.

Jesus was not merely a good man. In order to proclaim this, however, it is unnecessary and even self-defeating to demean the perception and personal force of the princes of men. Socratic "wisdom" is not simply the apprehension of certain moral formulae; such formulae were anathema to Socrates as they are to Dr. Niebuhr. Rather, it is a total involvement—an impassioned, critical, and relentless search for knowledge of the total nature of man and of his highest Good, a good which eludes formulation; a search undertaken in the faith that what a man is includes more than what he does, and that what a man does is affected by his commitment to certain beliefs which may be in error and which may often be changed reasonably. Socrates and Plato felt that participation in this quest for understanding was necessary and sufficient to produce that manner of virtue appropriate to and attainable by a finite man. That its sufficiency is questionable is clear; history and the revelation in the second Adam show this. But its necessity is equally clear, and the Christian must engage in this quest and thus also affirm his continuity with the human wisdom and creative power that have sustained it.

JOHN J. COMPTON.

Nashville, Tenn.



"Sure enough! This one's missing!"

THE ERA OF NO CHOICE

IF I HAD BEEN N. C. I would have retitled the excellent editorial "Out of the Cave" [*SR* Nov. 27] to call it "The Era of No Choice." Presumably, most of the world's diplomatic talent is mustered in the halls of the United Nations. If these gentlemen are to continue to represent the peoples of their nations they must accept the principle of "no choice." Otherwise, the spectacle of morbid quibbling over matters of national pride and committee procedure will continue to revolt us until the unpleasant noise of futile debate is finally drowned by the roar of fusion.

Conscientious objection to war is permitted on religious grounds. I make my objection on rational grounds. It is simply unreasonable to have a war. Our best minds agree that nothing is to be gained, nothing to be saved, neither country, pride, nor honor. Our politicians suggest that force remains the only means of dealing with such and such a situation. And our antagonists reply, by implication, that our use of force will be met by force.

Here again the "no choice" principle operates. For if we can devise no more effective a diplomatic means than force the choice for total death is already made.

I am a writer. I have survived, precariously to be sure, into my thirty-fourth year. In all that time I have never found myself faced with such a witless decision: "Either use force or be annihilated." I have had to deal with good and evil men and often with the threat of destruction. But I have not yet killed a man. I believe there to be millions of men like me who have not been forced to kill in order to survive. I have not always had my own way in matters dear to me. Still, I have survived and not without honor. Cannot the nations now follow our small example?

PETER W. DENZER.

New York, N. Y.

ENGLISH OR GERMAN

JAMES STREET'S claim in "Facts We Never Knew About the American Revolution" [*SR* Dec. 18] that "Germans were . . . so numerous (in the colonies) that German almost became our national language" is an old chestnut that Mencken has peddled in the past without any substantiating evidence. There appears to be some evidence that German was a language of commerce along the Atlantic seaboard. But more than mere contention is necessary to convince this reader that the English D.P.s and descendants of D.P.s who signed the Declaration of Independence ever thought of using any language other than English in conducting the business of the infant state.

ERWIN W. SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

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Miraculous Family

"The Bach Family," by Karl Geiringer *(Oxford University Press. 514 pp. $7.50), provides a full account of the German family that through seven generations and 102 individuals has made incomparable contributions to the world of music. Michael Steinberg, our reviewer, is a musicologist on the faculty of Hunter College, New York City.*

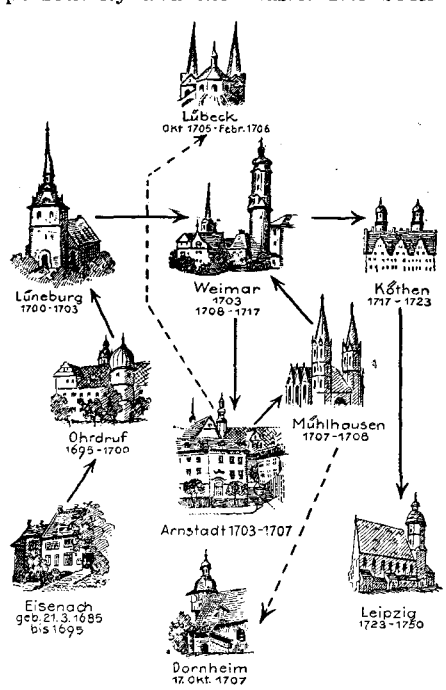
By Michael Steinberg

KARL GEIRINGER has provided a wonderful guide through the fascinating story of the Bach family, from Veit Bach, a white-bread baker who died in 1619, to Paul Bach, now a seventy-six-year old post official at Eisenach, and the great-great-great-great-great-grandson of Veit's second son, Lips. Lips Bach was a carpet-maker, but his older brother, Johannes, was a professional musician besides being himself skilled in his brother's trade, and living to inherit and manage his father's mill. Johannes's three sons were all musicians, and thus started the amazing family that was to supply Germany with organists, choirmasters, and composers, for seven generations.

The Bach story is absorbing, overwhelming partly through sheer mass, extraordinary in the persistence of family traits through many changes of place and circumstance. Just as there is a typical Bach look, so there is a characteristic Bach personality, fed by ardent devotion to the Lutheran Church, marked by tenacity to the point of stubbornness and by honesty to the point of frequent and fatal tactlessness. The famous tales of Johann Sebastian's unending quarrels with his Leipzig employers give but one incident in a whole series which had embittered the lives of many Bachs, most tellingly that of his cousin once removed, Johann Christoph (1642-1703), the finest musician in the earlier generations, and a man who tragically lacked the strength to overcome his troubles, so many of which he himself created. Thus it is, too, that the union of two lines of Bachs in Johann Sebastian and his cousin Maria Barbara descended respectively from Veit's second and third grandsons, produced the most impossible Bach of all, Wilhelm Friedemann. Here was a talent of immense proportions, lodged in a man so unconsidering, so ill-adjusted to the world, that he alienated every person who could and would have helped him, was unable after his father's death ever again to find a good job, and was driven at last to forgery of his father's name to sell his own music.

The keen family sense of the Bachs extended to an interest in each other's music. Many of them collected and studied carefully the works of their cousins, uncles, parents, grandparents. They not only collected and studied, they absorbed and adopted as well: behind the "Goldberg Variations" stands Johann Christoph's "Aria Eberliniana"; before writing his own Chorale-Preludes Johann Ernst (1722-77) acquaints himself thoroughly with Sebastian's organ hymns; Carl Philipp Emanuel takes over entire the "Sicut locutus est" of his father's "Magnificat" for a "Heilig" of his own.

All these complex relations, personal and musical, of 102 Bachs to one another are traced by Dr. Geiringer with impressive clarity of organization and presentation. For sixteen Bachs whom the author considers important as composers there is a precise and vivid account of both the personality and the music. The book



—*From "The Bach Family."*

Significant places in Bach's life.

arouses intense curiosity about some of the Bach music, and after a look at the brief and tantalizing quotations I want very much to hear, for example, the orchestral suites of Johann Bernard (Sebastian's second cousin and almost exact contemporary); the "Short Mass" by another second cousin Johann Nicolaus; and some motets by Johann Ludwig (1677-1731), a descendant of the Lips Bach line. At least it is some consolation that from time to time the author drops the information in a footnote that he is preparing modern editions of several of these works.

THESE editions will indeed be a useful complement to a book which tends to be better when dealing with personalities than with music. It is difficult to describe music in terms intelligible to a layman, while at the same time using vocabulary sufficiently precise to convey something vivid to a musician. Dr. Geiringer has an unhappy tendency to alternate between two policies, sometimes describing works in sentences that bristle with "rectus," "inversus," or "cancrizans," at another time, however, feeling obliged to provide a footnote explaining that the Air from Sebastian's Suite No. 3 is "best known in an arrangement for solo violin to be played on the G string." There are also some minor inelegancies and inconsistencies, mostly linguistic, that occasionally detract from one's pleasure in the book.

However, it must be said that the general level is very high, and that Dr. Geiringer's study is very necessary as a supplement, expansion, and (sometimes) correction of Terry's old book on the subject. There are excellences that stand out even above the generally fine standard: the long section on the life and works of Sebastian is as good a short essay as is available in English, and the chapters on Sebastian's sons, particularly that on Wilhelm Friedemann, are most illuminating.

The volume is handsomely designed and the many illustrations add much particularly the portraits of a dozen Bachs, a series ending in an engraving of J. S. Bach II which looks like one of Hugh Lofting's drawings, and including a hitherto unpublished paste of the greatest of the Bachs by Johann Ludwig's son, Gottlob Friedrich which shows the master in a very dif-

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ferent light from that of the familiar, severe, Haussmann portrait.

The story of the Bach family is a fascinating human pageant, and music lovers will surely welcome the opportunity that Dr. Geiringer has created for them to read about Veit Bach, who left comfort and security in Hungary for the sake of freedom of worship; Johann Nicolaus, the inventor of dozens of gadgets to facilitate the mechanics of harpsichord and organ playing; Johann Christian, in whom the decline of the family is sadly manifest when he abandoned a tradition of nearly two centuries of Lutheranism and became Catholic as easily and as casually as he became Maestro Giovanni Bach in Milan and Mr. John Bach in London; Johann Philipp, a portrait painter who lived to be ninety-four, and whose sixty years' membership in the local rifle club was celebrated by the whole town of Meiningen; Johann Sebastian II, who found the traditions of his name so oppressive that he renamed himself Johann Samuel. Never in the world has there been a phenomenon comparable to the miraculous musical Bachs, and it is good to have an account of this miracle, given with scholarship, musicianship, and humanity.

Yankee Composer

"Charles Ives and His Music," by Henry and Sidney Cowell *(Oxford University Press. 245 pp. $4.50), is an account of the life and work of a peculiarly American composer. Here it is reviewed by Bernard Herrmann, Academy Award-winning composer of film scores.*

By Bernard Herrmann

CHARLES IVES was always forthright and intensely communicative in his music, but he was extraordinarily reticent and shy about his life. It is the remarkable achievement of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cowell to have ferreted out and brought the fascinating story of "Charles Ives and His Music" together into a continuous narrative. It is ironic that the musical public is more aware of Ives as a legend and knows so little of his music; it is to be hoped that the publication of this splendid book will lead to less timidity in programming performances of Ives's music.

Charles Ives belongs, along with Melville, Emerson, and Thoreau, to the great school of lonely New England creators. In common with them, his personal life was always hidden, but his art has a special illumination. Ives approached music with an intensely individualistic point of view: music was to be a means of communicating his philosophy and, at the same time, of permanently fixing the local American scenes of his day. He had little or no interest in music for its own sake, but only as a vehicle to serve his own perceptions. As a painter of the American picturesque scene he is without a peer. His holiday set for orchestra—Thanksgiving, Washington's Birthday, The Fourth of July, and Decoration Day—are not only amazingly original works of the musical art, but in some magical way seem to have detached and preserved, eternally, a special day of the past. Then again, in such works as the fugue of the Fourth Symphony, parts of the Third, in the song "Serenity," and in his First String Quartet, he has penned music of tranquility and consolation that is without parallel in the history of American music. At times every bar had the stamp of his most complexity, and at other times of the simplest textures, but at all times every bar had the stamp of his own personality.

Much has been made of the fact that Ives was a businessman, that in the insurance world he achieved a position of eminence. It has been argued that his music suffered because of his dual life. However, quite the contrary is true. At the time that Ives lived American business had need for men of Ives's imagination and vitality, but none for a composer of his vision and uniqueness, and so he was able to achieve success in business and to follow his natural bent as a creative musician without any dependence on the endorsements or prejudices of the musical life around him.

Most of Ives's music was written between 1890 and 1915, and it is almost incredible to realize that not one of his remarkable works achieved performance in the city where he lived and did most of his work before the late Twenties. The New York musical scene had no use for him. Walter Damrosch evinced some interest in his Second Symphony; Gustav Mahler had plans to perform the Third, but nothing ever came of it. Not until the famous Pro Musica Concert of 1927, when two movements of his Fourth Symphony were performed, did the musical world awaken to the originality and message of Ives's music. Since then his influence on the younger composers of America has been enormously stimulating and, above all, has served as an example

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

HUMPTY-DUMPTY TITLES

Below are twenty titles of literary works, American and English, each of which consists of two attributes, names, objects, or other correlatives linked by "and" (as "Swords and Roses," "Sohrab and Rustum," "Letters and Social Aims"). Unfortunately, the component parts have somehow become separated. You are asked to put them together again and, when you have done that, to identify the authors of the repaired works. Forty units of knowledge are thus requested; the attainment of twenty-four is essential to your peace of mind, of from twenty-five through thirty-six for your inward satisfaction, and of from thirty-seven up for your intense gratification. Answers on page 45.

1. Antony	( ) the Book
2. archy	( ) Cleopatra
3. Awake	( ) the Fury
4. The Cloister	( ) Get It
5. Come	( ) the Goblin
6. Davy	( ) the Hearth
7. Gareth	( ) His Aminta
8. The Hermit	( ) Jill
9. Jack	( ) Lynette
10. The Kellys	( ) mehitabel
11. Lord Ormont	( ) O'Kellys
12. Penrod	( ) Others
13. The Pit	( ) the Pauper
14. Pride	( ) the Pendulum
15. The Prince	( ) Prejudice
16. The Ring	( ) Rehearse
17. Sapphira	( ) Sam
18. A Small Boy	( ) the Slave Girl
19. Society	( ) Solitude
20. The Sound	( ) the Wild Woman

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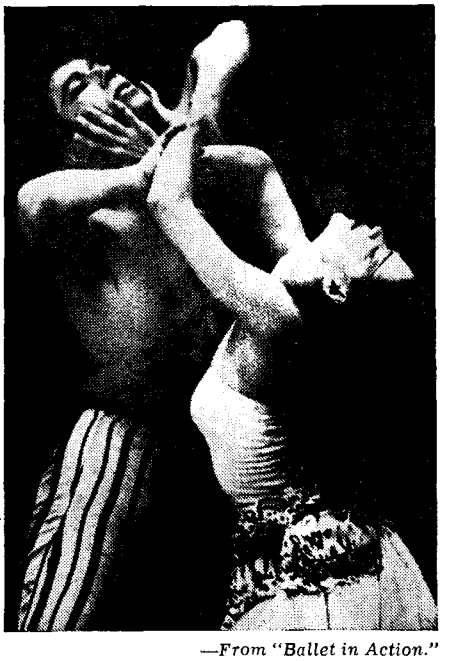
of the fortitude and steadfastness that a great creative person must have in order to realize a part of his vision.

I feel that I was fortunate in knowing Ives for many years. From the time when I first began to compose until very recent years it was always a stimulating experience to spend an afternoon with him. He felt deeply the success or failure, the good luck and bad, of his colleagues. Their success brought a shout of joy; and their bad fortune invariably led to violent outbursts against the circumstances, or personages, responsible for it. His poor health kept him from participating in the musical life around him, but he was always full of eager inquiry as to what everyone was doing.

In common with Walt Whitman, he had a love for humanity, for the beautiful and the ugly, for the great and small, the simple and complex; and the music of the American landscape, of the towns and villages, the streets and roads, gave him endless inspiration. The American quality of his music is so deeply ingrained in his art that his music becomes an enigma to musicians of other lands. This, of course, is the real reason why his music was so neglected. It was not that he broke with European traditions, or that he wished to dispute them or augment them, but it was simply that he heard "America singing" and became the articulation of that song. His art is one that not only musicians should cherish, but that all America should rejoice in.

—*From "Ballet Panorama" (above and below right).*

Paris Opera ballet pupils for years have been affectionately called "rats."



—*From "Ballet in Action."*

Melissa Hayden, Nicholas Magallanes in "Illuminations" (left), Rosella Hightower, George Skibine in "Raymonda" (right)—"nobody ever could master the craft of classic ballet through a book, no more than anyone ever learned how to be a good pianist or an architect."

Ballet Notes

"BASIC BALLET," by William Walters English, with the ballet director of the Metropolitan Opera, Zachary Solov (Random House, $7.50), is an elaborate book, whose precise value is difficult to figure out. It is very easy to imagine the dangers that could ensue from it. In a way it is a "gimmick" book, with a couple of extended-play discs bound in the front and back covers, that (according to the information on the jacket) is "a new way to learn the fundamentals of ballet—700 pictures . . . detailed instructions . . ."

The bulk of the book is concentrated on the five fundamental positions, the basic *barre* exercises, and *port de bras*. Toward the end a variation based on the "Odette Variation," from Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake," is presented. It is fairly inconceivable that the would-be dancer who is working from this book alone could ever perform this variation with any degree of accuracy or confidence.

Books are wonderful things. But nobody ever could master the craft of classic ballet through a book, no more than anyone ever learned how to be a good pianist or an architect. And, while you may not physically hurt yourself studying piano or architecture from a book, it is possible that you might actually become injured working on the exacting technique of ballet without the guidance of a reputable teacher close at hand.

The authors are careful to state that the beginner, with this book in hand, must go slowly. This reviewer suggests that the beginner hie herself to a good teacher before she gets in real trouble. —Rosalyn Krokover.

"BALLET IN ACTION," with photographs by Paul Himmel and text by Walter Terry (Putnam, $10), is just what its title suggests—a series of photographs of eight ballets that give a remarkable illusion of movement. Paul Himmel, best known up to now as a fashion photographer, has in this book worked in time exposures. Rather than capturing and fixing an instant in time with complete clarity, as normal photography does, these pictures are blurred but flowing. They are somewhat allied to the stroboscopic type of camera work one often sees.

Nearly all of the action is against

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a black background, with the white figures of the dancers streaking across the page. Sometimes the photographs do not come off and emerge looking remarkably like bad examples of chi-chi art. More often they are interesting and provocative. In some cases they are sensitive and brilliant. "The Lilac Garden" shots are especially successful, and several from "Picnic at Tintagel" are breathtaking.

All of the eight ballets photographed and discussed are from the New York City Ballet repertoire (though two, "Lilac Garden" and "Interplay," were only brief visitors with the company). George Balanchine supplies a short introduction, where he mistakenly mentions nine instead of eight ballets in the text, and Walter Terry exuberantly describes each of the works. But the major—indeed, only—interest here is in some quite unusual dance photographs.—R. K.

"BALLET PANORAMA," by Baron, with a commentary by Arnold Haskell (Rinehart, $7.50), is a companion volume to "Baron at the Ballet," a Baron Nahun-Arnold Haskell collaboration, issued about three years ago. It is equally handsome and equally pungent. Many of the same dancers and ballets appear in both books—in different photographs, of course—but the newer one has some new personalities who have caught the critical eye of Haskell and the lens of Baron. And the photographer himself has a few words to say when Haskell feels that he will repeat himself about a dancer.

There are about 200 pages of photographs. Baron prefers the posed shot to a picture taken during actual performance. Which does not mean that exciting action shots are missing. Included in the pages are members of the English ballet companies, the New York City Ballet, the Royal Danish and Paris Opera ballets, and leading exponents of various ethnic schools.

In a book devoted mainly to excellent photographs it may seem a bit out of line to stress the text, but Haskell's vivid and direct manner is always so stimulating that his contribution is just as important as the photographic material. In a few pages of introduction he has expressed more valid opinions and opened more subjects for debate than some writers on the dance provide in an entire book. He is worried, too, about ballet criticism in England, the state of ballet, and also of its public. The latter he feels, is "too vast and uncultured. . . . It actually believed that the film 'The Red Shoes' had something to do with ballet, and a public that believes that will believe anything." —R. K.

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Seeing Things

ON THE CREST OF THE WAVES

SHAW once described an English critic as being "saved again and again by his knowledge of the sort of animal the artist is in his nonage." Then GBS added, "Unfortunately his knowledge stops there. He does not understand the artist's manhood" and "protests with all his soul against the inevitable development." To Shaw such a denial of growth, more than being patently absurd, was "like a man complaining that his wife does not remain a girl: a sort of *lèse-humanité* against which human honor revolts."

The Clifford Odets who in "The Flowering Peach"* retells the story of Noah and the Ark is very different from the young insurgent who twenty years ago burst into fame with "Waiting for Lefty," "Awake and Sing!" "Paradise Lost," "Golden Boy," and "Rocket to the Moon."

Had he chosen twenty years ago to deal with man's testing by the Flood, his version of the Bible story would no doubt have had its compelling attributes. It would have quivered with energy, been fired by indignation, and probably ended with all the passengers on the Ark organizing a union. But the compassion, the good humor, the sense of wonder, the affection and gentle affirmation which combine to make "The Flowering Peach" so glowing and pleasant an experience would have been lacking.

In "Awake and Sing!" Mr. Odets demonstrated the tenderness and perception with which he could write about a Jewish family in the Bronx. In "The Flowering Peach" he writes with equal tenderness about another Jewish family. This time it is a family known to us sketchily from the Bible and separated from us by thousands of years, yet he makes it as human and near as if it, too, lived in the Bronx.

The Bible assures us there were giants in the earth in Noah's days and, as Mr. Odets draws him and Menasha Skulnik plays him, this grandson of Methuselah is one of these—in a delectably humble and daily way. Though his qualities of leadership, like the strength of his faith and the goodness of his heart, are clear, he is essentially a little man who has had bigness thrust upon him. No one could be more mortal than he is in carrying out God's commands. He is stubborn, illogical, and often affectionately fussy, yet his frailties are endearing.

The assertion of paternal authority, the battle between faith and doubt, the difference between a father's and a mother's knowledge and control of their young, the fight for individual happiness, the age-old moment when a son takes over from his father, the wish to pretend that death is not coming, and cannot come, to someone you love—these are among the many problems and conflicts about which Mr. Odets writes humorously, lovingly, and with enchanting insight. Is the first of his two acts, the one still on dry land, the better? This does not matter. Both acts are admirable, easy to cherish, and both excellently acted with Mr. Odets doing a fine job as director and Mordecai Gorelik supplying two charming settings.

The season is not apt to offer performances more skilful or ingratiating than Mr. Skulnik's as Noah and Berta Gersten's as his wife. All comedians are supposed to dream of playing Hamlet. Mr. Odets's skipper is certainly neither Hamlet nor a Dane, but he does permit Mr. Skulnik, one of the best loved of low comedians, to display qualities he has not hitherto revealed. Without losing his command of laughter, he manages to rise to the grand and to mix religious devotion with personal pettiness. His is a memorable characterization, and so is Miss Gersten's. Her Esther, outwardly sharp, has the splendor, the dignity, and compassion of the true matriarch.

Although Mario Alcalde's rebellious Japheth and Janice Rule's resigned and lovely Rachel are outstanding, all the passengers on Mr. Odets's Ark (including the few four-legged ones who come up on deck for breathers) are actors whose acting justifies their being saved. Salvation, of course, is the theme of "The Flowering Peach," and one leaves it feeling much better in a world once again imperiled.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

* *THE FLOWERING PEACH, by Clifford Odets. Directed by Mr. Odets. Settings by Mordecai Gorelik. Lighting by Feder. Costumes by Ballou. Music by Alan Hovhaness. Presented by the Producers Theatre (Roger L. Stevens, Robert Whitehead, Robert W. Dowling). With a cast including Menasha Skulnik, Berta Gersten, Janice Rule, Barbara Baxley, Leon Janney, Martin Ritt, Mario Alcalde, etc. At the Belasco Theatre, New York City. Opened December 28, 1954.*

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Romanoff and Capote

IF NEW YORK can welcome a courtroom melodrama like "Witness for the Prosecution" it can certainly embrace the imported melodrama of revealed identity **"Anastasia."** Where the former is pulled out of a rather ordinary hat, "Anastasia" depends for its success on the extraordinary circumstance of a czar's daughter rumored to have escaped the Bolshevik executioners. Three mercenary White Russians and a syndicate of backers locate the supposed girl, knowing that if she can be accepted as the Grand Duchess Anastasia Nicolaevna they can cut themselves in on the ten million pounds left in European banks by the czar.

In the London version of the Marcelle Maurette-Guy Bolton play (in "Plays of the Year," Vol. 9. British Book Centre. $4.) the audience is made to feel that the bedraggled girl picked up in the first act is very probably not Anastasia. In New York both the authors and the actress have added a more lifelike truth by making Anna from the start the girl she turns out to be. This may lessen the surprise in the second-act scene where she is trying to convince the Dowager Empress that she is Anastasia, but the scene is deprived of none of its effectiveness. There is no situation in the theatre surer to evoke tears than the recognition of a loved one thought dead, and this scene between the grandmother and the lost girl is a classic. Part of the credit must go to Viveca Lindfors and Eugenie Leontovitch, who enact the sequence with great intensity. Miss Lindfors's fully-realized performance as Anna establishes her as one of the very few young actresses we have with the beauty, the stature, and the emotional range to play bigger-than-life roles. Miss Leontovich as the Empress has not only the required authority and sternness, but a Russian accent.

In the final act one of the alternatives offered Anna has been revised for American consumption. In the original version Anna was offered the choice of becoming the very rich leader of the White Russians living in lifetime exile, or returning to live a simple worker's life back inside the Red Russia of 1926. For America the second alternative has been romantically changed to a life outside Russia with an anti-Soviet doctor whom she loves. However wise and logical the New York ending may be, it does rob the play of a most interesting theme. Namely, is a person's true self best served by making one's peace with the evils of one's own country, or by attempting to express oneself more freely as an exile?

Under Alan Schneider's vitalizing direction, "Anastasia" manages to make substantial comment. True, there are moments that lack the shock that might have come in a more artificial approach, and there are moments when in attempting to be poetic "Anastasia" pops out of its genre. But in general it is superbly acted suspenseful entertainment.

WHEN **"The House of Flowers"** is trying to be colorful there is a surplus. When it is trying to be funny or touching there is a deficiency. The characteristic originality that makes Truman Capote one of our most distinguished short-story writers seems to have been dispensed with for the purpose of writing a Jamaica travelogue that for all its visual lushness and lovely Harold Arlen music lacks a point of view.

Mr. Capote, who found West Indian bordellos a pleasant place for drink and conversation, has used them for his principal setting. Yet he appears to have about as much feeling for their inhabitants as a eunuch in a harem. Except for Violet, the only unplucked flower in Madame Fleur's hothouse, the characters are all palely drawn—with a few obvious jokes. What's worse, the earthy ribaldry is coyly insinuated.

Another difficulty that puts a blight on "The House of Flowers" is the necessity of having a star for what should be a subsidiary role. In Pearl Bailey they have a wonderful performer, but her comic technique is based on a cold and frankly selfish pursuit of the material benefits of life. If used in the capacity of commentator she is great, but her talents act against the emotional sympathy needed for this show's leading character.

On the positive side is nineteen-year-old Diahann Carroll, who is the chaste and innocent Violet singing the enchanting "A Sleepin' Bee" and of a fairytale sequence in which she consults the voodoo gods in an effort to save her drowning fiance's life. Mr. Capote seems more at home in this imaginative world of fairytale than he does in the realistic world of punks and bawds. —HENRY HEWES.

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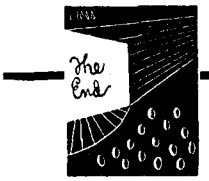

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Bad, Biblical, Bilious

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Kenneth Coyte, a young Cantabrigian just landed on these shores, here takes a first and nervous shot at three Hollywood fauna in their native habitat.*

ONE OF the most characteristic products of the American motion-picture industry is the Western. The English have nothing like it and the same is true of the other European countries, part of the reason for this being that on the other side of the Atlantic there is no wide-open West, and the East, though wide enough, is not sufficiently open. A connoisseur will tell you that for a Western to be a Western it must follow a distinct basic formula. There has to be a Bad Man, a Good Man, and an In-Between-the-Two-Man, and the interesting part lies in determining which is which. On this basis *Punch* came to the conclusion that the McCarthy hearings were of "Western" origin, and, on this basis also, Richard Aldrich's **"Vera Cruz"** will never be laid to mature in the cellar of any true Western-lover's memory.

"Vera Cruz" finds its setting in the Mexican Civil War of 1866 and romps away to a fine start with the meeting of Bad-Man Burt Lancaster and In-Between-Man Gary Cooper. Both are gun-twirlers *par excellence*, and their distrust of one another is typified by the Bad Man's remark that "he likes people and you can never count on a man like that." Together they side with the financially attractive Royalist cause, and accompanied by Cesar Romero as a charming marquis who turns out to be another Bad Man they set out overland to Vera Cruz with some regal gold and a not-so-regal Denise Darcel. She turns out to be a Bad Woman. Hollywood rarely gets more than its share of ideas, but at this point a whole sackful of doublecrossings is poured haphazardly into the plot, with the result that the clash between Cooper and Lancaster, which is after all the central theme, is obscured and the simplicity so necessary for a good Western is lost. Burt Lancaster, with a derisive smile which alone could make the movie worth a visit if you like smiles, throws a great deal of energy into making himself dangerously likable. Gary Cooper, I feel, is a little old to be out in all that Mexican sunshine with such rough company, but, as an ex-major from the losing side of the American Civil War, he speaks French with a Southern accent and seems truly sad to have to kill so many people. "Vera Cruz" is filmed in Superscope, a new process by which the picture is magnified and widened with no perceptible advantage over CinemaScope from the audience's point of view, and, though the camera work is imaginative, backgrounds tend to lack clear definition and action is often blurred. On the whole, although it has considerable vitality and a polished cast, "Vera Cruz" fails to fulfil the promise of its first thousand feet. Action it has, but the action is badly integrated. Though it taught me never to go into a Mexican square without first examining the surrounding buildings, there is—so to speak—a confusion of Bad Men and the movie lacks the tensity of a "High Noon" and the wit of a "Destry Rides Again."

* * *

One of the things that, as an Englishman, I shall never get used to in American movies is the fact that most foreigners in them speak with an American instead of a British accent. At an early age I can remember being mystified, on a visit to the movies in London, by a burly fellow on a Cornish beach who, propping himself against his full-bosomed girl-friend, said "Listen, baby. I guess I am a French pirate." I could not help recalling his uncertainty and his terminology during **"The Silver Chalice,"** when a full-grown ancient Greek accused his adopted uncle of being a "little toady."

"The Silver Chalice" is the latest offspring of the world of Biblical ballyhoo. Linguistic incongruities are practically all there is to recommend this, perhaps the slowest movie ever made. Sired by Warner Brothers out of the novel by Thomas Costain, it toddles erratically across the pages of early history in a CinemaScopic Middle East endeavoring to tell what happened to the Holy Grail. Basil, played by Paul Newman—a poor man's Marlon Brando—is asked by Alexander Scourby, a maternal Luke, to design a silver chalice in which the Holy Grail can be mounted. To do this he has to travel from Antioch to Jerusalem and on to Rome in the face of violent opposition from Jack Palance, temptation from Virginia Mayo, and complete misunderstanding from nearly everybody else. Stumbling with doglike simplicity in pursuit of his Art, and in an effort to defend Pier Angeli, this sorrowful fellow finds himself engaged in mortal combat with a heavily armed Roman soldier on a Jerusalem rooftop. Taking off his cloak he executes a perfect half-*veronica* which sends the soldier crashing to his doom and makes the Christians think that Newman is in love with the angelic Miss Angeli. Being the kindhearted boy that he is, he helps them out of an awkward predicament by marrying her, though he makes sure to keep a tent's length away from her after dark. Eventually director Victor Saville decides that he has had enough (and most people will go along with him there), so Newman embraces Christianity and Pier Angeli and with a message of grim foreboding for the future world the whole exhausting thing is over.

* * *

With **"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea"** Disney has at last succeeded in making a good movie with human beings in the leading roles instead of animals or animations. When Jules Verne wrote the novel from which the movie takes its name much of what he predicted was sheer fantasy to the contemporary world. Now, with most of these prophecies fulfilled, director Richard Fleischer has not made the mistake of embroidering on Verne. Instead he has toned the story down. The submarine *Nautilus*, although sufficiently aberrant not to resemble a modern submarine, is not the whale-like creation Verne described, spouting vast fountains of water and lashing its enormous tail. The voyage beneath Suez is omitted. And yet, despite this, the awe and the interest which such a vessel would have aroused when submarines were almost unheard of is re-created here, partly by judicious use of Verne's dialogue and description—the stateroom in *Nautilus* with its pipe-organ and red-velvet Victorianism is a masterpiece—partly by Till Gabbani's excellent underwater photography, and partly by some fine acting from the cast. Outstanding here is James Mason's portrayal of the society-hating Captain Nemo, whose genius was behind the construction of *Nautilus*. Kirk Douglas, as Ned Land, although more swashbuckling than his fictional counterpart, plays the role convincingly and sings an attractive sea-chanty with a rhythm that would cause a maritime disaster on any modern ship. Paul Lukas is convincing as the French professor who narrates the story, while his assistant, Peter Lorre, is an effectively reticent "yes-man" and survives this change from his usual roles.

—KENNETH COYTE.

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TV AND RADIO

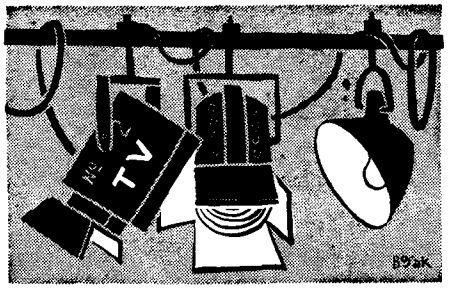
Morons, Unite!

SEVERAL months ago, making notes for a report on broadcasting which never saw print, I jotted down, among my notes taken in Stygian darkness, an ominous sentence which ran, "Morons of the World, Unite . . . you are being treated like imbeciles." Uncertain finally of the stages of stupidity as defined by professionals, I threw away the title and decided to report only the facts. They all related to half-a-dozen programs seen within a few days and nights and if nothing else had intervened they would have persuaded me that nothing short of revolution (which is frowned upon) would help us. Then, just as I got to the point of making allowances and being terribly indulgent (and the smile of a department-store Santa Claus is notably spurious on my countenance) I saw a show in which Mickey Rooney or somebody was appointed, by the terms of a will, guardian of a baby and (this hurts me as much as anyone) it turned out she was seventeen years, not months, old. I am not a mean old sadist and will say no more.

Before this I had seen another of those Ray Milland shows which combined two of the oldest and dreariest notions in the world: the misunderstanding about the professor's relation to his coed students and the misunderstanding about the wedding anniversary (in which each partner remembers and each is convinced that the other has forgotten—what fun!). Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, making polite film comedy while Sennett was making Keystones, did this bit in 1915, according to my records, and I have no way of proving that the TV version was any wittier. The lines of dialogue were sensational and I am glad to recapture a few for your pleasure. A group of students are having a bull-session at the professor's house, and his wife (who seems to have an ingrained and almost bureaucratic fear of anyone thinking for himself) has been serving sandwiches. Milland, as professor, says, "They're certainly thinking tonight," and his wife says, "They're certainly eating tonight," and such is the versatility of the prerecorded laugh-track that they can even dub it in here. They can, actually, twist that artificial sound of laughter around so that at times you don't know if it's laughter or static; I give you this verbatim quote:

"Demosthenes, yes—not Socrates!" (Laughter!) Or, as I say, static.

Milland discusses the social implications of "Pal Joey" (and just as a matter of respect for a superior work of art I suggest this was presumptuous) and says that it "exposed our speakeasy civilization," on which his wife, still intent upon preventing anyone from having two consecutive thoughts, asks, "Cookies, anyone?" and one of the students says, "It exposed the chorines' legs."



AT THIS point I departed and tuned into this year's third (and worst) production of Huxley's mystery-psychological-melodrama, "The Gioconda Smile." In this one all the points of the original were destroyed: the wife who was betrayed by her husband was relatively attractive; the bluestocking who wanted to marry the husband was far more attractive than the "cheap little thing" he was consorting with; and she, to round it out, was a fine respectable body and not a cheap little thing at all. In short, everything was pointless and this time we were let into the secret of Huxley's bastardized version of his original story; we saw the "happy" ending being prepared fifteen minutes before it occurred; so even that bit of surprise was lost; and Franchot Tone, fighting hard against a senseless adaptation, had the bad luck to anticipate cues right along, stopping dead in his tracks on his headlong way up to see his presumably sick wife just two seconds before the doctor said, "I'm afraid it's too late!"

This and five other shows made me think that producers have got to the point where they think they can feed anything to us. Presently Frontiers of Faith did one of Morton Wishengrad's remarkable scripts, "Omnibus" followed a brilliant divination into the mind of Beethoven (Leonard Bernstein acting as the necromancer) with a wretchedly directed but well-acted "Antigone," and Edward R. Murrow achieved the virtually impossible trick of making himself and Bing Crosby look like phonies, but within a week recalled to us the dignity of television with a report on South Africa—and on the whole I decided that whatever happens in television isn't fatal provided something else can also happen. So long as mistakes occur and people try to correct them and someone else comes up with a new idea, even if it is worse than the idea it supplants, there is hope. Only when whatever is current becomes permanent do we have to despair. For, however good it is, if it cannot change it carries the death of imagination with it.

Change is so important that all the recent attacks on "Omnibus" have seemed to me beside the point, since "Omnibus" persistently changes. If it is on the wrong track now for a few months, it still may veer over. This is not what the usual commercial program does; but "Omnibus" hasn't been bought for $11,000,000—a sum which prevents Jackie Gleason from doing anything but his half-hour Honeymooners bit for three years on that show. A few weeks ago Alistair Cooke accepted *Look*'s award to "Omnibus" (and what an award that was!) saying that he was sure the producers of his weekly variety show are pleased to have it called "educational." It was a double-edged remark and I say nothing more of it except this: within six weeks of doing Beethoven and Sophocles "Omnibus" did "The Merry Widow"—and I, for one, see no reason why not.

—GILBERT SELDES.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 604

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 604 will be found in the next issue.

CNP TDLERZ AQEF

CHWPK DT FPKCPMXHF

HK H KCRZW

CA LPHC CAXHF.

—OPHQ ZAZCPHD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 603

Cynicism is intellectual dandyism.—G. Meredith.

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

seize the treasure and save Francesca from a hideous death are in a constant state of fear and apprehension, so is the reader. Indeed, the success of any novel depends to a large extent on the author's ability to transmit the emotions of its characters, and in this difficult task Miss MacInnes has proved again that she is a past master.

Life's Stuff

JEWS IN BOSTON: For nearly a decade now Charles Angoff has been producing the truest and most interesting Jewish fiction in America. His first two novels, "Journey to the Dawn" and "In the Morning Light," were extremely readable narratives of immigrant Jewish life in the United States. They continue to gain readers, and Mr. Angoff has accumulated a devoted following for his re-creation of the experiences of the Polonskys and their large family tree. The publication of the third novel in the series (there is at least one more to come) should call general attention to the remarkable fictional world Mr. Angoff is creating, for **"The Sun at Noon"** (Beechhurst, $4.50) delves more deeply than the others into the lives of the men and women he has so clearly brought into being.

David Polonsky, the major protagonist of the novels, has not yet emerged as sharply as the other characters, for David is an introvert and the lives of his relatives are, in the main, seen through his eyes. So much happens to them that Mr. Angoff is left with the task of making exciting David's discovery of literature and philosophy. He does nobly, but David is pale, at the moment, beside Mottel, the once successful businessman who is afflicted with cancer and, after an agonizing period of suffering, succumbs to the disease. The seventy pages on Mottel are as heartbreaking as Thomas Wolfe's description of the death of Eugene Gant's father. The sterility of one of the women of the family; the account of Tante Rochel, who has five husbands yet remains a sweet and chaste woman; the description of the twisted lives of Aaron, Bertha, and Clara, which concludes with Aaron's divorce of Bertha and marriage to Clara—these are the stuff of life, and David's education is minor in comparison with the terrible pressures of everyday living faced by these Jews in Boston.

Mr. Angoff, unlike many other Jewish novelists, is steeped in Jewish knowledge. His quotations from the Talmud and other sacred books ring true; his understanding of the conflicts between the older and younger generations is keen; and his mellowness and wisdom are particularly welcome in an era when too many novels about Jews are written out of malice, indifference, or self-hate.

The total project undertaken by Mr. Angoff is immense and when he is done his version of American Jewish life will stand on a shelf all of its own. He appears to have the stamina, the patience, the knowledge, and the love of his material to produce the truly "great Jewish fictional work" of our time, for these three novels, and those that will follow, are, in reality, a single book, just as Thomas Wolfe's four novels were part of one larger work. Mr. Angoff's "The Sun at Noon" maintains the same standards set by their predecessors. I can think of no higher compliment.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
CONJURER'S COFFIN *Guy Cullingford* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Actress vanishes from Soho hotel on Coronation eve: staff and Yard active.	Deft characterization, sustained humor give this high plus mark.	Pleasant confection
THE BUTCHER'S WIFE *Owen Cameron* (S&S: $2.50)	Western game warden finds minced females, but live gals are bigger problem.	Pleasantly written; authentic folks; end not unguessable.	Qualifies
INSPECTOR MAIGRET AND THE KILLERS *Georges Simenon* (Crime Club: $2.75)	US hoods invade Paris, but Sûreté ace makes them inhale *ragout de corbeau.*	Weather (as usual) miserable, but pace is fast and technique sure.	Age cannot wither, etc.
MURDER WITHOUT REGRET *E. Louise Cushing* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Montreal gal's poisoning sets off chain reaction; nice Inspector MacKay takes over.	Badly organized, plus other structural faults, but holds interest.	Fifty-fifty
TO FIND A KILLER *Lionel White* (Dutton: $2.75)	NY homicide cop plans wife-killing; feet get tangled up, naturally.	Tough babes, m. and f., abound; characters heavily overdrawn.	Floozy-woozy
MAN WITH A BACKGROUND OF FLAMES *Richard Johns* (Roy: $3)	Threat of diamond overproduction drives London gem tycoons to violence.	Tricky job; characters oddish, numerous; breezy British style.	Novelty number
IMPACT OF EVIDENCE *Carol Carnac* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Car smash in Welsh hills decants too-old corpse; Rivers and Lancing of Yard stir stumps.	Setting, personnel deftly, truly drawn; humor high, action fast.	Can't miss here
CORPSE AND ROBBERS *D. Stapleton* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Three die violently in Southern community; cops have little to do.	Missing postcard hot clue in case that dithers quality.	No world-beater
VIDOCQ *Philip John Stead* (Roy: $3.50)	This lawless-lawful rogue-genius (1775-1857) founded French Sûreté.	Honest, high-grade biography; readability A-1.	No letdowns here
THE BLACK ITALIAN *Selwyn Jepson* (Crime Club: $2.95)	English wonder-girl sticks neck out to solve killing involving Yank no-goods.	Genoa goings-on fast, diverting; love interest slight impediment.	Good fun
THE BIG MONEY *Harold Q. Masur* (S&S: $2.50)	NY Atty Scott Jordan tangles with tycoon, aids old prof, solves murder.	Tough cops soften as hero gets answer after tense hassles.	Nice time-killer
THE COMMENCEMENT DAY MURDERS *Louise McKnight Floyd* (Vantage: $3)	Kansas high-school exercises damped by multiple killings; bilked bridegroom burrows.	Cast would fill grandstand; Spoon Riverish personnel largely unpleasant.	Not so hot

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Jazz in the Mid-Fifties

By JOHN S. WILSON

A recent concert at Carnegie Hall by jazz bands from Williams and Princeton was announced as being of historic significance, this being the first time that college boys had played jazz at Carnegie. This is slicing significance pretty thin, but to one attentive listener these collegiate musicians did have a significance of a somewhat different sort. Stan Rubin's Tigertown Five and the Spring Street Stompers concentrated, as might be surmised from their names, on rough and ready Dixieland performances. The more talented of them—trombonist Jim Hayne of the Stompers, for instance—seemed intent on reaching down to the solid bedrock of jazz. They appeared to be, in the terminology of the anti-antiquarian school of jazz, "moldy figs."

But investigation reveals that several of these seeming "figs," particularly a coterie of the Tigertowners, have a personal preference for modern jazz. They have fun playing Dixie, they say, but they'd enjoy themselves even more if there were as much demand for modern jazz on the Eastern college-circuit as there is for Dixie. Even the essentially pro-Dixieites in the two groups are interested in modern jazz and admit to toying with it within the limits of their capabilities. This openmindedness is far removed from the way in which young musicians have been approaching jazz in recent years.

Ever since the jazz world split apart in the middle Forties, with the self-proclaimed modernists and the die-hard traditionalists riding off in opposite directions, it has been almost compulsory for a neophyte jazzman to ally himself with one faction or the other, and to acquire its set of values (clichés). One group held that nothing in jazz could have meaning before it was properly aged, the other that no real jazz existed before the great flatting of fifths. The interchange of ideas, the lively curiosity about all phases of an art which are essential to its development were mutually discouraged.

Now, after almost ten years of schism, the importance to jazz and to the jazz musician of a lively and wide-ranging curiosity has become plainly evident. On one hand, we can trace the trail left by those adamant young modernists of the Forties who turned their backs on everything in jazz which had preceded them and scorned it all as old-fashioned and pointless. This was the "Louis-Armstrong-was-all-right-for-his-time-but-what's-he-got-for-me" school.

Apparently Louis could give them nothing. Some of these youngsters showed a lively curiosity in non-jazz directions. They went busily to work learning as much as they could about their instruments and sopping up the advanced theories of composition. Although they called themselves jazz musicians and the product of their efforts jazz, curiosity never drove them to find out anything about jazz, to discover what jazz was and how it had developed, to produce a Charlie Parker, a Gillespie, or a Lester Young.

Their work, which has sometimes been marked by great technical proficiency, has frequently failed as jazz simply because they have little or no knowledge of jazz. There are distinct reflections of this inability or unwillingness to grasp the simple elements of jazz in the gusty pretension of many of Stan Kenton's performances or in the inbred cliquishness of much of the work of Lennie Tristano's groups.

Today some of the musicians who gladly put on the fashionable blinders of the Forties, convinced that they were standard-bearers of the true jazz, appear to be aware of their lack of roots, of the need of a foundation of some sort on which to build their musical personalities.

THERE were, of course, equally adamant young men of the opposite school during these years who, far from lacking roots, got theirs too deeply imbedded—the young men with the (old) horns who wouldn't intentionally deviate by a single note from the "established" way of playing what they viewed as the only true jazz. Their specialized curiosity has scarcely advanced jazz nor, in most cases, can they even be said to be performing a preservative function, since most of what they play has already been preserved on records

It's from this side of the fence, however, that the jazz musicians who may become the prototypes of the mid-Fifties are emerging. These are the eclectic-minded young men who are around thirty now, who have explored and absorbed all the things that contribute to the full jazz musician today, who have had to find their own ways. They were children during the swing era, and it was usually Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, or Harry James who first drew them to music. Then they found that, beyond swing, there were other things more distinctly jazz. The way, nine times out of ten, was opened by Louis Armstrong, and it led them back to the highroad of basic jazz.

Once there, their paths have varied, but in one way or another they listened to it all and they usually tried most of it in their own playing, possibly starting with Chicago style because it makes the least demands on the beginner, then advancing to the "Hot Five" or the double cornet setup of King Oliver.

But while they were digging into the past of jazz they were alive to the immediate sounds around them. They heard and were impressed by Parker and Gillespie. They were awed by Woody Herman's first "Herd." They have continued, through the intervening years, to listen, to learn, and to try to find their own proper relation-

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ship to jazz. It is probably no coincidence that several of the jazzmen who have followed this slow and often difficult path of development are making their mature musical personalities felt at this time.

They have made the journey in many different ways. Ruby Braff, for instance, is a trumpet player from Boston whose background sounds like a steal from one of the old New Orleans men. When he was ten years old Braff was playing at the Silver Dollar bar in Boston. He was, actually, the leader of the group. His jazz career proper did not start until he was thirteen when he discovered Armstrong; he now views Armstrong as not only the greatest of jazz musicians but as one of the great men of history. However, it is the essence of the new type of jazz musician represented by Braff that he places Charlie Parker in a niche, as a musican, only slightly under Armstrong. There are echoes of the musical lines followed by Parker, Gillespie, and Miles Davis, by Armstrong and Beiderbecke, in Braff's current playing, but he has no interest in playing like any of them. He feels he is building on the foundation laid by the past revolutionaries of jazz—in addition to Armstrong and Parker he includes Count Basie, Earl Hines, Fats Waller, and Bessie Smith among these—using them as stepping stones to enhance his own way of thinking.

The pattern also includes several musicians who started in jazz, turned their attention to formal study for a while, and are now returning to jazz, bringing the exploratory possibilities of their new knowledge to bear on their already well developed jazz backgrounds. The best known of these is Mel Powell, a graduate of Nick's and of the Benny Goodman band, later a student of Hindemith's and currently a teacher at Queens College, whose newly provoked interest in this integrated type of jazz has found expression in his Vanguard records with Paul Quinichette and Braff.

These are some of the musicians who seem to be pointing the way out of the sterile and repetitious factionalism into which much of jazz has fallen. They are pulling together the scattered elements of jazz, predicating their playing on a unity that jazz has lacked for many years. Now that the pre-professional musicians of college jazz bands—a group which should be particularly sensitive to grass-roots views of jazz—can speak of jazz with little consciousness of the enmities and barriers which have split and stunted the music for so many years, the time appears to be ripe for this new, whole and—in the best sense—modern jazz musician to step to the center of the stage.

Mr. Phelps's Cows

By MARVIN BARRETT

"YOU know about Mr. Phelps's cows and the airfield? Well, my dear, they wanted to build an airfield in Newport, high time too, and Mr. Phelps's pasture was right next to where they wanted to build it. Mr. Phelps said the airplanes might disturb his cows. That was all there was to it. Newport still doesn't have a decent airfield. This isn't quite the same thing. They couldn't stop the disturbance, but at least they can ignore it. Won't have anything to do with it. Lots of my friends gave dinner parties last night. Passive resistance. I don't think it was chic to give a dinner, a late dinner, so no one could possibly go. I wouldn't have missed the festival for anything."

The scene was Bailey's Beach on a Sunday in mid-July. Into the calm between Golf and Tennis Weeks—a few days after the Emmanuel Episcopal Church's Lawn Fete (baby parade, Chinese auction, white elephants, grabs, and balloons on the church grounds) and before the Kiwanis's Summer Frolic at the Portsmouth Roller Skating Rink—Newport, Rhode Island, had endured its First Annual Jazz Festival. On the lemon and grey veranda of the Spouting Rock Clubhouse my wife and I were having lunch with an old family friend. She was dressed in stiff blue silk, a straw hat thick with flowers, and a starched petticoat which in the fresh breeze revealed a floral border matching her embroidered satin slippers. She was indignant and obviously enjoying it.

"Wouldn't dream of going to the thing," her husband remarked at the other end of the table. "Don't like that sort of music. Never have and don't intend to start now. I like musical comedies."

"And can you imagine what one man asked me?" our hostess's eyes flashed. "Where are we going to park our cars, he asked, with all these *people* pouring into town? That's all he could think of. Why, it's the best thing that has happened to Newport since the Revolutionary War. Of course, there are those here who feel the Revolution was an unfortunate mistake."

"Dear, did you go last night?" A large woman in tinted glasses stopped, touched our hostess's shoulder and leaned over. "Was it worthwhile?"

"I certainly did and enjoyed every minute of it."

"How do they play? What does it sound like? Like Meyer Davis?"

"Not in the least."

"I'm afraid it's not for me." The lady gave a wistful smile and moved on.

"We sent our South Carolina servants off to it *en masse*," a pleasant dark-haired girl on my right remarked. "Thought they'd have the time of their lives. They hated it. Said it wasn't the kind of music they were accustomed to. Isn't that strange?"

"The bartender here at the beach is up in arms. Really, he's more alarmed about the social consequences than anyone I've spoken to."

"They're scared to death about the turf. They'll never get the courts back into condition for Tennis Week."

* * *

On Friday there had been a black-tie dinner for visiting celebrities, festival sponsors, and a smattering of the summer colony on the grounds of the Samuel Gardner house, a handsome Greek revival mansion on Mill Street. At one end of the garden were candlelit tables and a statue by Hans Arp, a tangle of goldplated viscera rising in the crossfire of two hidden spots. At the other a spinet piano had been pushed down the raked gravel paths beneath a pre-Revolutionary beech with a monumental grey trunk and spreading branches. There, after dinner, in a little tent of yellow light pitched by a bridge lamp with a scorched parchment shade, Teddy Wilson played decorous accompaniments to the conversation and Lee Wiley, wearing a starched pink dress, sat on a gilt ballroom chair and crooned "Manhattan," "I've Got a Crush on You," "Sugar," in an abrasive, plaintive, barely audible voice.

"*He* is much better than *she*." Novelist Mary McCarthy spread her nostrils, tipped back her head, and sighted harpsichordist Sylvia Marlowe down her nose.

"At least, dear, they can hear you when *you* sing," a beautiful young woman in an ankle-length cape of scarlet velvet addressed her husband, snapping open her hornrimmed lorgnette and examining the entertainers critically.

"I don't know much about jazz,"

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said Cleveland Amory in a ruffled silk shirt with black studs. "But I think they're awfully good. I'm in Newport for a rest. I've been in Texas. In Texas you can drive for hundreds of miles without seeing anything but an occasional air-conditioned Cadillac."

A lady reporter in conscientious evening dress moved, pencil in hand, among the guests with the sturdy stride of a girl basketball star, her friendly face split in a disarming smile, ignoring the music in favor of the conversation.

"I asked her if she would have some food," said this hostess. "Nothing more. I have read the appalling things she can do simply by quoting people *verbatim.*"

"Bravo," someone shouted as Miss Wiley dipped her blonde head to signal the end of a song.

"Bis, bis. Encore." There was scattered applause.

At 1 a.m. a dozen people still clustered in the yellow light under the great tree. Outside on Mill Street two young men in tweeds and flannels stood indecisively in front of the white brick facade. "Is Eddie Condon still playing?" they asked us as we left.

"It isn't Eddie Condon," we corrected. "It's Teddy Wilson."

They looked at us blankly. "Come on, let's go fishing," one of them said as they climbed the steps and rang the bell. "I'd rather fish than listen to Eddie Condon."

* * *

The next night, when Eddie Condon *did* play, the visiting celebrities, the festival sponsors, and a smattering of the summer colony were concentrated in a line of railed enclosures directly beneath a temporary stage put up on the tennis lawns in back of Stanford White's sprawling Norman-Pekinese Casino.

There was a jam session.

"Go, Joe, go!" the crowd shouted. "Jam it boys, let's have a great big traffic jam." Photographers rushed wildly up the embankment in front of the stage, spreadeagled their arms, exploded batteries of bulbs in the musicians' faces, and fell backward like doughboys caught going over the top in an old Lewis Milestone movie.

A teenager began jitterbugging frantically on the club-house ridgepole. There was a flurry of amusement and concern among Newporters. "I hope you took out plenty of insurance," said the Casino president to the Festival president.

"This is no good," a man in shirt sleeves with a Roxbury accent looked damply toward the boxes. "Not enough pep. A session needs everyone hot. Look at them coolers."

A pale unhappy group of jazz "innovators" coagulated about a vibraharp, producing insoluble blurps of sound. The crowds thickened around the beer stands and boxholders began sipping Scotch from paper cups. There was a line fifty minutes long at the Casino lavatory.

"I've just about had it," said one member of the working press to another. "We can fake the rest." They began pushing their way through the crowd.

"In jazz as in any other art . . . surpassing skill . . . rhythmic knowledge . . . incisive humor . . . great tenderness . . . vocal genius . . .," Stan Kenton droned away behind the mahogany lectern borrowed from the William Ellery Channing Memorial Unitarian Church, until Ella Fitzgerald, red-headed, in shimmering blue, rolled on stage.

"That's my girl," said the man with the Roxbury accent. "That's her. Now we'll really hear something."

It was already after one.

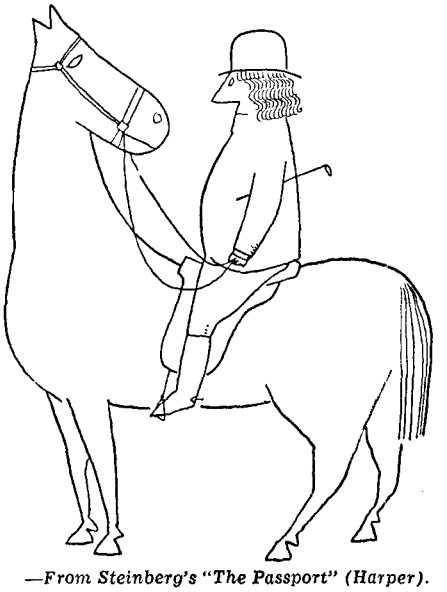
* * *

Far down the dark chateau-lined length of Bellevue Avenue a party for musicians, the press, and local festival sponsors was under way.

"There's something hideously professorial about Stan Kenton," Mary McCarthy, sitting serenely in a Louis Quinze chair, hair parted and drawn back like an Irish madonna, commented to Sylvia Marlowe. "He reminds me of Jacques Barzun."

"We stayed till the end," said Cleveland Amory, looking rather pale. "They kept right on playing after they turned out the lights. I thought it was swell."

"They asked me my definition of jazz." It was Lee Wiley speaking on a low couch beneath two Piranesis of eighteenth-century Rome, taking another highball. "Honey, I said, when you find out, let me know. Isn't that a good answer?"



—From Steinberg's "The Passport" (Harper).

A lady in ballet shoes and a bright red stole scuttled through the crowded gold-and-crystal study, a sketchbook and box of pastels in one hand, a can of fixative in the other. "Nothing here," she said vaguely. "I'm looking for contrasts to illustrate my husband's article." She scuttled on toward the high-ceilinged dining room where the caterers were serving scrambled eggs, small sausages, champagne, and whiskey.

"Newport is just another town to us, another one night stand," said a man in ostrich-skin shoes. "They expected something to happen. It won't. What should?"

Three sailors, several young women in evening dress, and two elderly ones in brocade wraps and old Worth gowns milled about in the central hall.

"She told this trumpeter she'd go to New York with him for $100," a sheep-faced blonde said in a nasal drawl. "Provided he gave half of it to her husband. She really is a character."

"You can't institutionalize jazz, it doesn't survive in the open air."

"Jazz has to have the possibility if not the actuality of dancing."

"This all kills me, these people, this party," Lee Wiley had moved to an armchair beneath a poison-green post-impressionist daub in a hand-carved frame.

* * *

The wind this Sunday afternoon was bringing clouds grey with rain into the sky above Bailey's Beach. "I just couldn't sleep," said a lady. "The whole thing upset me so much. The party and everything. Too queer. Blacks and whites all together. At three I was awake, at four I was awake, five—six—seven—finally at eight I got up and went to church. At eight! I haven't been to church at eight since I was a girl."

"They buried us after the Revolution," our hostess said spiritedly. "They buried us after the War of 1812. They buried us after the Civil War, the World War, World War II. Taxes have gone up from eight to thirty-two dollars in the past eleven years. The Church is taking over all the big houses. But we won't stay down. Why last year twenty nice young couples bought places here. Twenty. That is a very respectable number. Newport will never die!"

"It's not true, what they say about the grass," said our host at the other end of the table. "They can revive it quite easily with chemicals."

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Recordings Reports: Jazz On LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Louis Armstrong: With Gordon Jenkins's Orchestra and Chorus. Decca DL-5538, $3.	Eight knee-actioned attempts by Decca to get Sachtmo, the singer, in with the carriage trade. The use of chorus and strings is undistinguished, the tempos are from shuffle to rocking chair, but Louis himself, though sounding somewhat like the Pied Piper after curfew, is warm and convincing.
Basie Jazz: Count Basie with his Orchestra, Nonet, Sextet, and Quintet. Clef MG-C-633, $4.95.	A somewhat lumpy bowlful of Basie, much of which has been recorded during the past couple of years and released on 78-rpm. Included are seven big band sides, none of which match the Marching and Chowder House group the Count now has. Al Hibbler sings on two—"Goin' to Chicago" and "Sent for You Yesterday"—much as Helen Traubel might with similar materials. The small-group sides are the best, with the nonet in particular coming through as a sparkling unit that deserves an LP to itself.
Bob Crosby's Bob Cats: With Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Irving Fazola, etc. Decca DL-8061, $4.85.	Twelve rather haphazardly chosen sides made between November 1937 and February 1940 by the chunky, mellifluous Bob Cats. Missing are "Five Point Blues," "Loopin' the Loop," and "Hindustan," and included are the inferior "Do You Ever Think of Me?" "All By Myself," which has a bad vocal by Marion Mann, and "The Big Crash From China," Ray Bauduc's exercise in temple blocks and cowbell.
Boogie Woogie Piano and Drums: With Meade Lux Lewis and Louis Bellson. Clef MG-C-632, $4.95.	Meade Lux in six free-time performances that range from an overlong romp called "Hangover Boogie" to a rather touching memorial to the late Jimmy Yancey, "Yancey's Last Ride." Meade Lux still has power and stride, but many of his ideas, in comparison with the robust filigree work he used to produce, are monotonous. Bellson's drumming is tasteful and unobtrusive.
Dizzier and Dizzier: With Dizzy Gillespie and his Orchestra. Victor LJM-1009, $4.85.	Twelve selections, five of which have never been released before, taken from Gillespie's misguided Cubano-big-band days in the late Forties. The leader's brilliant, cavortive trumpet rises occasionally, like the Phoenix, above the Wildroot Charlie sax sections and ricketing bongo drums, and then the whole mass comes to life.
Dizzy Gillespie: Afro, with Orchestra and Rhythm Section. Norgran MC-N-1003, $4.95.	One side of this album, which is apparently an attempt by Norman Granz to resuscitate the above heavy days, is a four-part Afro-cuban suite by Chico O'Farrill, performed by Gillespie and a twenty-one-piece band. The results are smoother, but just as banal. The reverse is mostly Dizzy, with a galloping Afro-cuban rhythm section and a flute, an endeavor which is, on the whole, more rewarding.
Interpretations by the Stan Getz Quintet. Norgran MG-N-1008, $4.95.	Further investigations by Getz, who has Bob Brookmeyer, John Williams, Teddy Kotick, and Frank Isola with him, into the warm, linear weavings the same group evolved so well a few months ago in a similar first album. There are four selections, with Getz especially hoarse and ingratiating on "I Didn't Know What Time It Was."
Woody Herman: The Three Herds. Columbia CL-592, $3.95.	Six reissues, five recent recordings, and one previously unissued side constitute this survey of the three different rumpus-room big bands Herman has had since 1946. The choice of reissues is spotty, the unissued side should have remained so, and the newer material, though often intelligent and provocative, is in general inferior to that of the somersaulting '46-'48 band.
Jazz Studio 2 from Hollywood. Decca DL-8079, $4.85.	Six extremely successful extended performances, three of which are standards and three originals, with arrangements and compositions by Marty Paich and John Graas, who play piano and French horn on the date. The music is buoyant and cool, the soloists (Jimmy Guiffre, Herb Geller, Don Fagerquist, and Milt Bernhardt are also on hand) uniformly inventive and exciting. One of the best efforts to date of the California school of modern jazz.
The Gene Krupa Sextet, Clef MG-C-631, $4.95.	With Krupa here are Teddy Wilson, Bill Harris, Charlie Shavers, Eddie Davis, and Ray Brown. Their efforts fall somewhere between jagged John Kirby and a "Jazz at the Philharmonic" concert—a type of loud, sloppy, and dull jazz that might be called grazz. The exception, inevitably, is Teddy Wilson, who does his glissing best to balance a ringtinging Krupa and the tenor saxophone of Davis, who sounds like a cross between Boyce Brown and Ben Webster.
The Flip Phillips Quintet. Clef MG-C-637, $4.95.	More of the same, with, besides the leader, Oscar Peterson, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown, and Buddy Rich. On the four ballad selections Phillips proves that he can still pull soft, lovely rabbits out of his hat, but on the up tempo things, his tires screech, as it were, and you can hear, somewhere in the background, those Carnegie Hall whistles and catcalls.
Adventures in Rhythm: With Pete Rugolo and his Orchestra. Columbia CL-604, $3.95.	One of the most refreshing big band dates of 1953, this was made some months ago on the West Coast with a heavy sprinkling of the Hollywood moderns. The arrangements are Rugolo's, who is no longer the lumber dealer he was with Stan Kenton, but has become a subtle and imaginative manipulator of such voicings as alto flute and saxophones, and unison trumpet-trombone work. His ballad treatments are as rich and satisfying as floating island, and there is a "King Porter Stomp" that would have set the sophisticated Jelly Roll to stomping his foot.
South of the Border: With the Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band. Decca DL-5529, $3.	Lawson and Haggart are here abetted by Billy Butterfield, Cutty Cutshall, Lou McGarity, Peanuts Hucko, and Bill Stegmeyer in thriving performances of eight deep-South standards ("Moon Over Miami," "Alabama Bound," etc.). The result is more of the smooth, semi-swing this band and its variants has been producing spasmodically for Decca in the past few years. More than mediocre.
Louis's Hot 5's & 7's: With the Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band. Decca DL-5533, $3.	An attempt, by a truncated version of the above band, to sleek up and pep up some of the tunes Armstrong's "Hot Five" and "Hot Seven" groups recorded in the Twenties. The difficulty here is that those tunes done by those groups still sound as bumptious and bright as on the days they were made. —W. B.

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A Five-Foot Shelf of Jazz on LP

THE five-foot shelf may not be what it used to be in literature, but, in LP terms, five feet can accommodate a considerable number of records. Hereunder is an attempt to suggest the varied pleasures of jazz within the relatively small scope of fifty LP discs. They are one man's selection, and represent one man's taste. I have not tried to be comprehensive other than to range from early to modern forms. I have not tried, for example, to include at least one work by every distinguished jazz soloist. Vituperative postcards in this regard will receive short attention. On the other hand, gracious notes informing me of talented players whom I have not heard (and there must be many) may well send me scurrying to the record shops. Perhaps the fairest thing to say about the list is that it represents fifty LPs that I like to play, and I find it exciting that so much excellent music can be gathered in so small a shelf. —WILDER HOBSON.

NEW ORLEANS-CHICAGO

"THE ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JASS BAND. VOL. 1." This includes the first jazz record ever issued: the "Dixieland Jass Band One Step" and "Livery Stable Blues" of 1917. I am still delighted by the lively, lucid music of this five-piece white band which took jazz from New Orleans to Chicago during the First World War. It dates to some degree, but it dates with poignancy. Larry Shields's clarinet is superb. "X" Vault originals LX-3007.

"KID RENA'S DELTA JAZZ BAND." New Orleans colored veterans playing one of the most heartful records of traditional Crescent City jazz—marches, blues, stomps. Circle L-409.

"NEW ORLEANS MEMORIES." The late Jelly Roll Morton singing blues and playing the piano. The pathos of the five blues—each markedly distinctive—is of extraordinary loveliness. Victor LPT-23.

"ECHOES OF NEW ORLEANS. VOL. 1." The vigorous and lyrical New Orleans clarinetist George Lewis, a landmark in the town, leads a powerhouse group of his old friends through such heated collective improvisations as "Climax Rag" and "Just a Closer Walk with Thee." Blue Note-7010.

"MA RAINEY WITH HER GEORGIA BAND. VOL. 3." This legendary blues singer of the Rabbit's Foot Minstrels is often regarded as peerless, save for her own favorite pupil, Bessie Smith. In any case, Rainey's blues are monumental. Riverside RLP-1045.

"THE BESSIE SMITH STORY. VOL. 3." In this volume Bessie is accompanied by Fletcher Henderson's Hot Six, including the golden trumpet player, Joe Smith, and she offers her full poetry, including the unforgettable "Young Woman's Blues" and such classic rousers as "Cake Walking Babies" and "There'll Be a Hot Time in Old Town Tonight." Columbia ML-4809.

"LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS HOT FIVE" and **"LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS HOT SEVEN."** A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man—in Chicago in the mid-Twenties. These records, of course, have scriptural authority among jazz classicists, and, for that matter, among the modern school. The Armstrong solos are of great richness and variety; the ensembles featured by his work with the ardent clarinetist Johnny Dodds — tailgate trombone by Kid Ory. Columbia ML-54383 and 54384.

"LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND EARL HINES." More scripture, recorded just a little later. Armstrong's band has changed and he now has the sparkling Hines at the keyboard. The net results are somewhat more polished, somewhat less robust, and entirely captivating. Columbia ML-54385.

"LOUIS ARMSTRONG PLAYS W. C. HANDY." Here is the Armstrong of 1954—playing and singing Handy classics, from "St. Louis Blues" to "Make Me a Pallet on the Floor." Through the years, Armstrong's trumpet phrasing has become less proliferous, a sort of refined essence of its former self. I find it very moving; the Handy lyrics are often picturesque gems, and Armstrong's genial delivery of them is to me irresistible. Columbia CL-591.

"CHICAGO NO. 2" This is the first of several Folkways anthologies by Fred Ramsey that I will recommend. It is particularly concerned with the small white bands which, inspired by Negroes from New Orleans, made muscular music in Chicago during Prohibition. The volume is full of stars: cornetist Bix Beiderbecke; clarinetist Frank Teschmaker; tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman; banjoist Eddie Condon; pianist Joe Sullivan, and many others. Folkways FP-65.

"BIX AND HIS GANG." Bix Beiderbecke—"The Young Man with a Horn"—is heard here in the most forceful records he ever made with a small improvising combination. The beauties of his jetting, fastidiously shaped style are well in evidence. Columbia ML-4811.

"JELLY ROLL MORTON." These are some of the New Orleans master's finest band records. He believed in orchestration (or "head arrangements") as well as improvisation, and the combination is found in such classics as "Doctor Jazz" (with Jelly's famous vocal) and "Georgia Swing." Victor LPT-23.

"JIMMY NOONE APEX CLUB." This is as good a place as any to begin with what is often called "chamber jazz"—highly refined, dulcet syncopation by small bands ostensibly working for small audiences in small places. Noone was a liquid New Orleans clarinetist, and in these Chicago records his colleagues include the pianist Earl Hines. Brunswick BL-58006.

"YANCEY SPECIAL WITH MAMA YANCEY." Yancey was unsurpassed as a grave, lovely pianist of blues and boogie-woogie (the Midwestern form, usually in the basic blues patterns, characterized by insistent, repetitive bass figures and free right-hand improvising). Mama Yancey was a blues singer of the most sensitively shaped expression. The combination is one of the treasures of the idiom. Atlantic 130.

"MUGGSY SPANIER FAVORITES VOL. 1." A strong, accomplished Dixieland session led by the punchy Chicago cornetist, Spanier, with his trombone, George Brunies, forming a major brass team. Victor LPM-3043.

"SIDNEY BECHET AND HIS NEW ORLEANS FEETWARMERS." This colored combination, well-seasoned, offers an athletic workout similar to that of the white band cited above. Bechet, historic master of the soprano saxophone and clarinet, and Sidney de Paris, a top classic trumpet, would make a battle of music difficult for anyone. As against Spanier and company, the Bechet combination is more individual and sensitive in instrumental inflection. "X" Vault Originals LVA-3024.

"NEW ORLEANS JAZZ." Trombonist Wilbur de Paris, brother of trumpeter Sidney, has recently been leader of one of the most magnetic traditional jazz bands in the country. The brothers are present, along with their crescent-city colleague, clarinetist Omer Simeon, in this fragrant collection which includes a delightful "Très Moutarde," Jelly Roll Morton's "The Pearls," and a lazy bijou called "The Martinique." Atlantic 141.

"JAM SESSION COAST-TO-COAST." Everyone within reading distance of the public presses must have heard of Eddie Condon, the Chicago banjoist-guitarist who has been keeping the Windy City musical spirit alive for years now in a resort just south of Washington Square, New York. In his side of this volume he has eclipsed himself by the simple process of providing two rival and vitally persuasive men for each key position. Thus, trombonist Cutty Cutshall is up against Lou McGarity, etc. The other

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side of the disc is expert work by Hollywood studio musicians who have earned their "J." Columbia CL-547.

"KID ORY'S CREOLE JAZZ BAND." Louis Armstrong's original trombonist is still active on the West Coast, and this is a fine grouping of old material newly played in the old fashion. In a day when the revival of traditional jazz modes has become epidemic, the Ory band, at its best, seems to me one of the very best of its kind. Good Time Jazz GTJ-L-21.

"BUNK JOHNSON AND THE YERBA BUENA JAZZ BAND." The grand old trumpet player who was one of Louis Armstrong's chief influences made this record in the middle Forties with the Pacific Coast white combination which was chiefly responsible for the California resuscitation of the New Orleans style. The single disc is an attractively varied program, with jubilee work by Bunk—instrumental and vocal—and gospel singing by Sister Lottie Peavey. Herewith ends this list's specific attention to the jazz styles which began in New Orleans and were moved by citizens of that city to Chicago. Good Time Jazz 17.

OTHER JAZZ

"DANCE MUSIC OF MARTINIQUE." The Caribbean strain in American jazz has been notable from the New Orleans beginnings to modern times (of which more presently). This contemporary disc from Fort-de-France is a wholly ingratiating breath of what seems, to the Northerner, a musical never-never land. The prime elements are clarinets and a softly propulsive trombone; the French grace is unmistakeable. Dial 402.

"NEW YORK (1922-1934)." Another Folkways anthology, devoted to many men who carried New Orleans, Chicago, and their own original moods into Manhattan. Among the names: trombonists Miff Mole and Jack Teagarden; trumpeter Red Nichols; bandleader-pianists Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington; pianist Fats Waller. Folkways FP-67.

"RED NICHOLS CLASSICS. VOL. 2." Nichols's Five Pennies of the late Twenties had an intricate polish and *élan* which might be said to have been Northeastern and unique. Later, the band took on Southern and Midwestern flavors, but this disc is by the earlier group, featuring trombonist Miff Mole, bass saxophonist Adrian Rollini, guitarist Eddie Lange and others. Brunswick BL-58009.

"FATS WALLER." The happy, iridescent Harlem pianist in a full program of his favorites, many with the jaunty small band who surrounded him so fittingly. RCA Victor LPT-6001-2.

"BIG BANDS (1924-1934)." A Folkways anthology of the earlier large combinations which, in the main, managed to suggest small-band ease and lift. This was before the days of all-too-glossy musical packaging. Among the names: Fletcher Henderson, Charlie Johnson, Luis Russell, Duke Ellington, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, The Chocolate Dandies, Jimmy Lunceford. Folkways FP-69.

"TEDDY WILSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA." Early works by the exquisitely inventive pianist, with a small band and the voice of Billie Holiday. Columbia CL-6040.

"BENNY GOODMAN TRIO." Wilson again, in his earliest work with clarinetist Benny Goodman and drummer Gene Krupa. These numbers have a purity of expression and delicacy of balance which seems to me one of the most treasurable things in middle-period jazz. Victor LPT-17.

"PEE WEE RUSSELL." The wry, poetic clarinetist, a master of both the lyric and the droll, in some fine trio and quartet performances with the pianists Joe Sullivan and Jess Stacey—stalwarts both. Commodore 20014.

"ELLINGTON UPTOWN." The Duke Ellington orchestra has taken many turns of sound through the years, but its prevailing brilliance and opulence are splendidly caught on this recent record, including one of the leader's tone poems, "A Tone Parallel to Harlem," a dynamic "Perdido," and the Harlem subway anthem, "Take the 'A' Train." Columbia ML-4639.

"BOOGIE WOOGIE; JUMP AND KANSAS CITY." From a professional standpoint the dominating figure of the "swing" period was unquestionably the Negro pianist Count Basie and his orchestra out of Kansas City. This Folkways anthology studies the Kansas City background, including really fervent boogie-woogie piano playing, before the age of mechanization set in. There are also fine Basie performances in the East. Folkways FP-73.

"THE PRES AND THE BEAN." The most noted American saxophonist before Basie moved East in the mid-Thirties was Coleman Hawkins—"The Bean." His robust, elaborate influence

then began to yield to the deceptively casual, cool, highly rhythmic graces of Basie's soloist, Lester Young—"The Pres." Both remain masters; here they are together. Savoy 9029.

"COUNT BASIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA." This is the band as it captured New York, its electric playing based on the rhythm section of Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; and Joe Jones—a sovereign drummer. Decca DL-8049.

"THE STROLLING MR. ELDRIDGE." Perhaps the strongest trumpet influence, after Louis Armstrong, has been Roy Eldridge, a steamingly inventive, emotionally-charged player. Here, as the record title implies, his fine brazen song is at its most relaxed. The record is new, with the fine modern pianism of Oscar Peterson. Cleff MGC-162.

"THE BIRD BLOWS THE BLUES." The dominant figure in modern jazz is the alto saxophonist Charles "Yardbird" Parker. Beginning about 1940 he led the development of be-bop, which greatly extended the harmonic vocabulary of jazz, elaborated its melodic tendencies, and ventured into newly eccentric rhythms. Much of be-bop was stiffly experimental, much turned to bromide. The best men remain remarkable, and several of them may be heard here while Parker blows his subtle inventions on a basis of blues. Parker may be difficult for inexperienced ears, but if the ears are receptive he is apt to prove habit-forming. Dial 901.

"CHARLIE PARKER." More of The Bird, with such modern virtuosi as trumpeter Miles Davis and trombonist J. J. Johnson.

"THE AMAZING BUD POWELL." Powell is one of the outstanding modern jazz pianists, a brilliantly versatile player, heard here with a small band. Blue Note 5003.

"JAZZ WITH FLIP AND BIRD." One of the most striking records in modern jazz is certainly this performance by Machito's famous Afro-Cuban orchestra, a galvanic rhythm band, with solo saxophone passages by Flip Phillips and Charlie Parker. Ultra-sophisticated Harlem augments the Caribbean mood with burning effect. Mercury, Clef MGC-511.

"THE DIZZY GILLESPIE-STAN GETZ SEXTET." Parker's fellow pioneer in modern jazz, trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, is an improviser of dazzling, baroque complexity who can also regale you with tender resonances. He plays here with one of the leading modern tenor saxophonists, and their treatment of several standard tunes may be of particular interest to those listening to the newer music for the first time. Norgran MGN-2.

"GERRY MULLIGAN QUARTET." A modern "chamber jazz" group with Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Chet Baker, trumpet; Chico Hamilton, drums; Carson Smith, bass. This is quiet polyphony, subtly turned, insidiously rhythmic Pacific 1.

"LEE KONITZ-GERRY MULLIGAN QUARTET." The Mulligan group is joined by a delicate, persuasive alto saxophonist and the campaign for *pianissimo* goes delightfully on. Pacific PJLP-10.

"LEE KONITZ AND LENNIE TRISTANO." The pianist-teacher Lennie Tristano is one of the most intense, gifted, experimental figures in modern jazz. With Konitz, guitarist Bill Bauer, bassist Arnold Fishkin, and drummer Shelly Manne. Tristano has conducted sessions of polytonal and atonal jazz, both arranged and improvised, which are musicians' music with a vengeance. Not for rigid ears, highly recommended to the receptive. Prestige 101.

"THE LIONEL HAMPTON QUINTET." The well-known vibraphonist is joined here by the modern clarinetist Buddy de Franco and pianist Oscar Peterson in a glittering, danceable session—with relaxed moments, also. Clef MGC-628.

"BUD SHANK AND THREE TROMBONES." A lyric young alto saxophonist backed by a brass trio in solidly propulsive numbers, with special credit to the valve trombonist Bob Enevoldsen. Pacific PJLP-14.

"LAURINDO ALMEIDA QUARTET. VOL. 2." A Latin-American serenade in which the moonlit guitar of the leader is supported by the alto saxophone of Bud Shank. The nocturnal charm of this modern jazz is a long way from the honky-tonk, but ideal for the patio. Pacific PJLP-13.

"THE FRANK WESS QUINTET." Suave, strong, jumping jazz under the leadership of one of Count Basie's tenor saxophonists, who also syncopates the flute. The be-bop tendency has for some time now moved into the main jazz stream, as appears clearly here. Commodore FL-20,031.

"JAZZ AT STORYVILLE—BRUBECK." The pianist Dave Brubeck is a talented contrapuntal improviser with his alto saxophonist, Paul Desmond, and he can also unfold attractive structures by himself. This disc is free from his more grandiose (disappointing) moods. Fantasy 3-8.

"THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET." Milt Jackson's vibraphone with John Lewis's piano and their rhythm section exhibit extraordinary finesse. "Chamber jazz" de luxe. Prestige 160.

"JAZZ SINGERS." Twenty-one of them—many of the finest, and something for almost any taste. Folkways FP-59.

"PIANO." Fourteen fine professors, playing in many styles and leading to Lennie Tristano's mesmeric "Blues"—an ideal climax for any jazz session. Folkways FP-71.

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Monks in the Marketplace

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE first 78-rpm jazz albums were released in the mid-Thirties, and were, like the box-toed automobiles and elbowy, big-boned steam engines of the time, comparatiyely crude in design. They usually didn't have any recording information in them, and were, in addition to being bulky and heavy, fragile. But since the advent six years ago of the LP—light, streamlined, unbreakable—the jazz album has entered a new phase: the manufacturers have discovered Art. This art, in its attempt to transfix both the inner and outer eye, is reminiscent of the blinding, decorative jungles of penmanship with which medieval monks used to engulf the texts of their manuscripts. For the covers of these new jazz albums range from extremely handsome drawings and paintings to alarming, almost clinical photographs of jazzmen with their children, jazzmen profusely sweating, and jazzmen receding naked into the distance. And their reverse sides, which are, of course, equivalent to the once generally empty inside surfaces of the 78-rpm albums, are being covered by everyone from minor poets to recording directors with thousands and thousands of words known as "liner notes."

Ostensibly, liner notes developed as sources of musical and discographical information, and as such, are supposed to dissolve the murk which enveloped jazz records of earlier days when, as though tainted or obscene, they were released under pseudonyms, with no listed personnel or other pertinent data. But the pendulum has swung fast, and these notes have grown into a kind of disembodied, hybrid art, which is often a sunless mixture of bad writing, sententiousness, inaccuracy, autobiography, and the thumbprints of publicity men. The exceptions, which strive for an honest balance between objectivity and enthusiasm, and which are sometimes written by the musicians themselves in a prose that does not bleat or pound itself on the back, are rare.

A rough and by no means inclusive breakdown of the darker side of this new form might go something like this: first there are the vacuum-packed notes, as it were, in which the writer eulogizes in a great many words the performers on the record, makes a few clarion remarks about the health of jazz, and if his oatmeal has set well that day, includes a list of the personnel. Next are those writers who spin purple down their sentences, evoke dramatic moods or scenes, used ancient journalistic tricks such as setting key words in CAPS, or sometimes refer to the musicians involved as "timeless heroes." The third and newest school consists of the autobiographers, who tamp their paragraphs down with dozens of "I"s, reveal what size shirt they wear, and squeeze in, if there is room left over, pertinent information. The publicity man, who is always within mouthshot in a form of this sort, is most often audible in the first two schools, while in the third, surprisingly, one is apt to find, here and there, interesting lumps of critical insight.

Norman Granz, the jazz impresario, who writes all the notes for his Clef and Norgran album covers—some 300 a year—is still the most accomplished member of the vacuum-packed school. Granz is fond of such balloon words as "genius," "artistry," "greatest," "wonderful," "supreme," and "amazing." In some recent notes for an Oscar Peterson album, for instance, Granz made no mention, after several hundred words, of the names of either the accompanying guitarist or bass player, in spite of the fact that both men, who are excellent musicians, were very much in evidence through their solos and in the interplay of the ensemble. A second example of this school is to be found in some anonymous notes that were huffed together for a mediocre Louis Armstrong-Gordon Jenkins album for Decca: "Here is a great and memorable teaming: a superb performer and a sensational composer-leader. Both men are sensational stars in their separate fields; in this collection they are super-stellar."

There have been several participants in the purple, or Thespic school of liner notes. One is George Avakian, who recently started off an essay for a Columbia Louis Armstrong-W. C. Handy date, which he directed, with: "Up on the top floor of the Columbia Records building . . . a handsome old gentleman (W. C. Handy) sat listening to the tapes of this record, tears streaming from his sightless eyes." Another opening sentence, written by Bill Zeitung, of Victor records, for one of his albums, starts: "Cherry bombs, Roman candles, and skyrockets could not possibly produce a greater display of pyrotechnics than the two memorable recording sessions . . . at which Nick Travis and Al Cohn, surrounded by three equally arson-minded compatriots, unleashed their full arsenal of sixteen-inch cannon." The music itself, as it turns out, is average, quietly played, modern jazz.

THE school of autobiography has so far produced two graduates, George Avakian, again, and George Frazier. Avakian has written some valuable notes for several of the big jazz projects he has undertaken for Columbia, but on the Armstrong-Handy date mentioned above, which turned out to be a rewarding one, Avakian, evidently overcome, closes his notes in a sort of snobby, self-congratulatory aside, in which the order of pronouns and names is an interesting one: "The way I feel about this record can be summed up in this way: When I die, I want people to say, 'That's the guy that if it hadn't been for him and Louis Armstrong and W. C. Handy, there wouldn't have been that great record, "Louis Armstrong Plays W. C. Handy" '."

George Frazier, a free-lance writer, who was a well-informed Otis Ferguson-type jazz critic in the early Forties for the *Boston Herald,* has reappeared on the jazz scene with a set of notes for an album on the Storyville label by Lee Wiley—the poinsettia of female jazz singers—which, in its melange of ego, bullying, style, smartaleckiness, and maudlin candor, would do credit to an uneducated Boswell. Scattered throughout a social register of the arts and entertainments, in which are mentioned Humphrey Bogart, Hemingway, Caruso, John O'Hara, Clifton Fadiman, Dorothy Kilgallen, and *The New Yorker,* Frazier calls Miss Wiley a bitch of a singer, much as Papa Hemingway might chuck somebody he truly liked under the chin with his fist, tells about his divorce, about a lady he lived with for a year after the divorce, about his predilection for Brooks Brothers clothes. Frazier ends his piece huskily, *pianissimo,* by saying, as if tears were about to stream from *his* eyes: "So I would sit there (listening to Miss Wiley) and hurt more and more . . ."

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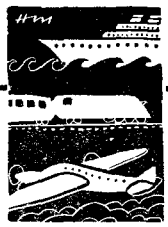

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Palm Reading

—Eastern Airlines.

The Palm Beaches—"land of palms, sunburned and outstretched."

LAST week in this space we carried on about Miami Beach, an amazing sandbar where they would rather build a new hotel than make the beds in the old one.

This week we take you to Palm Beach, land of palms, both sunburned and outstretched. Besides that, they also have green palms that sway in the tropical breeze, grow coconuts, and provide lyric writers with soupy words for songs.

Well, sir, if you would listen to the Chamber of Commerce, as I must with great frequency, it all started in 1878 with a ship called *Providencia,* which sailed from Cuba and stood for New York, jammed to the gunwales with coconuts. Somewhere in the vicinity of what is now Palm Beach the ship foundered, and was towed through the inlet into Lake Worth. It wasn't quite clear to the Chamber of Commerce historian with whom I talked just what happened to the ship, but as to the coconuts, they washed ashore, imbedded themselves in the earth, and forthwith sprouted palm trees all over the place.

A few years later a promoter named Henry Morrison Flagler appeared on the scene. He had been dallying with John D. Rockefeller in the development of the Standard Oil Company and later organized the Florida East Coast Railway. Flagler was so impressed by palmy Palm Beach that he brought his tracks right into town, never stopping at West Palm Beach, now a settlement of some 60,000 citizens. On the shore of Lake Worth Flagler built a great wooden structure called the Royal Poinciana Hotel, part of a string of inns and track that stretched all the way to Key West.

Society descended, and soon a new hotel called The Breakers was built right on the sea, a daring experiment of that day. The Breakers planted some palms, but to shield the guests from seaward gusts they imported great shaggy Australian pines which still stand in front of the hotel today. Palm Beach is just full of shaggy-tree stories.

Anyway, social belles staying at The Breakers swung their pearl ropes around their necks, twirled their parasols over their shoulders, and went off each afternoon for tea at the Royal Poinciana. There was a mule-drawn streetcar to take them. The Royal Poinciana stands no more and on its site is a lovely park. As for its tea house, you will find it at James Melton's Autorama. You will remember Mr. Melton as the singer who suffers from auto-intoxication.

Society has been coming to Palm Beach ever since, and although the city fathers of the Palm Beaches insist they are not part of the Florida Gold Coast, show me another twenty-mile-long island that's better heeled. When you hear them talk about Worth Avenue, the famous row of satin shops down here, it ain't short for Woolworth, son. Worth Avenue was named for Col. William Jenkins Worth, who fought the Seminoles and defeated them at the Battle of Palaklaklaha. Many's the husband home from shopping along this boulevard who wishes the Seminoles had won.

You can spend $165 on a sweater on Worth Avenue, or ten dollars for a silk tie embossed with a thousand-word treatise on the sex life of the bee. It is with heavy heart that I must report that the drugstore which once offered its customers soothing piano music has been turned into a short-order place, albeit a spiffy one. However, girls still go shopping in shorts and no shoes, and sit that way at the bar of the Alibi, a society saloon. Matronly types are more matronly. I watched a dowager park her underslung two-place Jaguar sports car along Worth Avenue the other day, then go windowshopping dressed in pink lounging pajamas. *Noblesse oblige,* dearies. There are some domestic cars around, too. Somebody owns a 1955 convertible Ford that stays white up to the chrome line then gradually blushes into a violent shade of lavender.

For those types who have no villas Palm Beach has a collection of tidy hotels not quite so flamboyant as those down the beach a piece, and not quite so expensive either, but very nearly. At the Colony, a tall and trim establishment built after the war, you are liable to run athwart the Maharahnee of Quelque Chose or a young blade carrying a polo helmet, and yet it isn't strict and social at all. It is merely neat, clean, and attractive, and run with notable efficiency by Bernard Cooley, once an Army transport commander.

YOU will find the Palm Beach Biltmore a huge fortress once manned by a full complement of SPARS during the recent imbroglio. The Biltmore is one of those gigantic cantonments complete with a dozen shops in a subterranean corridor, a pool and cabana colony, tennis by the lake, shuffleboard, a beach club on the ocean front, a putting green, and for all anyone knows maybe a leftover SPAR who never got the word about the Armistice.

There will be coats for all meals,

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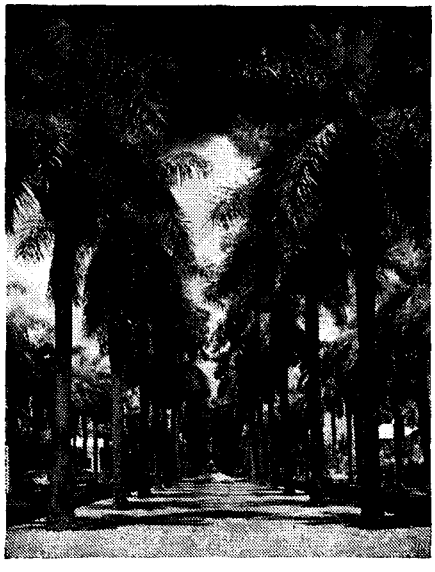
boys, and ties for dinner, and the whole black-tie contraption on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Also tops to bathing suits when lunching at the pool. Decorum, and all that. Should you be traveling with a sizable entourage there is the State Suite, a duplex arrangement which sleeps twelve and rents for $250 a day plus eats. In past seasons it has been rented by the Guinness family and the Busches of Milwaukee, so don't fret if your boy grows up to be a brewer.

For my money, which certainly won't take you very far, one of the handsomest places to rest a patrician head come nightfall is at La Coquille, a seafront collection of luxury apartments, white, gleaming, and modern. The place extends along a 750-foot stretch of beachfront and you step out of your apartment onto the clipped lawn, and forthwith onto the sand. The layout cost a million-and-a-half Federal currency, including $3,600 to line the draperies with blackout cloth. It sleeps 106, none of whom needs be wakened by the rising sun.

An ordinary double room with a walk-in and sit-down and make-yourself-up closet (with wall-to-wall carpeting) comes to $33 a day European plan in the high season. The same set-up with an efficiency kitchen costs $43, or four can have two doubles and an efficiency between for $65 a day, which is to say, $15 per person. If you aren't going to rassle your own hash, dinner in the dining room will knock you back about $5.50 every time you sit down. The cuisine is French, served on Spode china, under a circus tent of padded green canvas.

There are all kinds of accoutrements for the half-pints including their own pool set up with pint-sized chairs and umbrellas, a TV room with a soda fountain, and a playground with trained keepers on hand. A sawbuck



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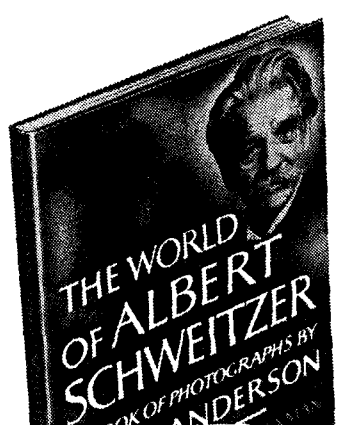
admits you to a club appended to the layout, but this implies no selected-guest policy, and the management insists, "We are not anti-anything."

AS FOR Palm Beach proper—and isn't it though!—you can still view the mansions along Lake Trail aboard an Afromobile, the local term for a rolling chair pedaled by a Negro. However, swifter ways have trimmed the fleet considerably from the 650 that rolled under the palms in the salad days. You can still take the little white cruisers along the inland waterways past the Palm Beach Golf Course, where golfers may partake of oranges, grapefruits, mangoes, and coconuts while working the fairways. The highest mountain of the area is a bunker not far from the site where the Barefoot Mailman, who trekked the beach route to Miami, kept his post-office.

The boats will also take guests on jungle cruises out of Palm Beach into the land of giant cypresses, feathery bamboos, and coco palms. Seminoles come on board to sell colorful little dolls and the cruiser stops at Trapper Nelson's, who lives with a collection of rattlesnakes and raccoons which he prefers to Palm Beach society downstream. But the current craze in locomotion runs to air boats, a flat scow equipped with an airplane motor that sends the craft whizzing over the saw grass prairies and wet meadows and swamps at forty miles an hour. Hulls of dead gray trees that look like pictures of Belleau Wood stand out against the tropical sky, festooned with beards of gray moss. Ducks and deer live in the swamps, and wild pigs and alligators. This terrain runs just in back of U.S. 1 and stretches for nearly 400 miles. It would be possible, with a few portages, to ride an airboat all the way to Jacksonville, although you wouldn't be able to hear a hogcaller at five paces after that.

You can sightsee in an airboat at $10 for a party of four or five, or fish for bass, or tie the boat to a stationary object and, in the proper season, hunt for ducks and deer. Woody's Air Boat Camp, six miles west of Lake Park on Route 809-A, offers some strange night sport. It has special airboats with a built-in pulpit in the front. You sit up on the perch with a light tied around your head and a spear in your hand. When you see a frog you gig him with the spear then drop him down an aluminum chute which leads to a bucket on the boat's floor. It's frogs' legs the hard way, but infinitely cheaper than letting your old lady spear baguettes on Worth Ave.

—HORACE SUTTON.



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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

ADMIRAL KIMMEL'S STORY. By Husband E. Kimmel, Rear Adm. USN (Ret.). Henry Regnery Co. $3.75. A rebuttal by the fleet admiral who feels that he was left holding the bag at Pearl Harbor.

THE BLACK PRINCE AND OTHER STORIES. By Shirley Ann Grau. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. A first collection for Miss Grau, who writes some stark and sultry short stories involving racial resentment in the South.

CONCISE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN GRAMMAR AND USAGE. Edited by R. C. Whitford and J. R. Foster. Philosophical Library. $4.50. A help in using some commonly misused words and some not so commonly misused.

THE DARBY TRIAL. By Dick Pearce. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. Subversives, a trial of an expatriate, rat-eyed English demogogue, an earnest, but trouble-beset prosecutor, his wife, who had a mysterious first marriage, and some slithery witnesses —all done up in bright colors.

FIELD BOOK OF THE SKIES. By William T. Olcott. Revised and edited by R. Newton and Margaret W. Mayall. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. An up-to-date edition of a handbook for professional astronomers with telescopes and for amateurs with field glasses or naked eyes. With charts, photographs, and special diagrams.

THE FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR. By Robert Lindner. Rinehart & Co. $3.50. A harrowing little popularization of five psychoanalyses, these, purporting to be actual cases, having to do with the inner problems of a Fascist (who is finally killed in the war), of a Communist (who discovers a direct relationship between his impotency and his politics), of a compulsive eater (who, it seems, has all the while been wanting a child by her father), and of others.

GORDON OF KHARTOUM. By Lord Elton. Alfred A. Knopf. $6. A biography of saintly soldier Charles George Gordon, who cut quite a swath for himself in military history. He broke up the slave trade of the Upper Nile, helped establish England's grip on Egypt, was in and out of China, and, through it all, was an extreme religious fanatic.

GRANDMA RAISED THE ROOF. By Ethel Walbridge McCully. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. All about the way a grayheaded lady who had a tropical-island complex let it get the best of her and built a house against 101 difficulties in the Virgin Islands.

HEALTHIER LIVING. By Justus J. Schifferes, Ph.D. John Wiley & Sons. $6.75. Some frank discussions on health and happiness with a good deal of emphasis on that basic factor in health and happiness, sex.

HOMECOMING. By Jiro Osaragi. Translated by Brewster Horwitz. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75. A contemporary Japanese novel about an expatriate from that country who returns and has some very Japanese adventures.

HUBERTUS. By Edgar Mittelholzer. The John Day Co. $3.95. The second novel of a projected series about the problems of the West Indies, this one centering on Hubertus van Groenwegel, a fellow of mixed Dutch and native descent, and of his resulting conflicts in a land of similar mixed descent. By the author of "Children of Kaywana."

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Vol. II. By A. C. Ward. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.50. Or at least somewhat illustrated. This, the second of three projected volumes, covers the two centuries between Ben Jonson's Comedy of Humours and Sheridan's Comedy of Manners, and includes the literary bushes as well as the trees. Volume One covered Chaucer to Shakespeare. Volume Three, still to come, will begin with William Blake and end with Bernard Shaw.

THE JUDAS KISS. By Jay J. Dratler. Henry Holt & Co. $3. This one is by the man who wrote the screenplays "Laura" and "Call Northside 777," and it is about a

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happily married man who gets mixed up with another woman and some insurance and some other affairs.

THE LADY OF FASHION: The Life and the Theatre of Anna Cora Mowatt. By Eric Wollencott Barnes. Scribner's. $4.75. A full-scale treatment of the joys and tribulations of the Victorian actress and playwright, Mrs. Mowatt, also bringing together under one marquee hypnotism, Swedenborgianism, the founding of the first association of ladies who banded together for legal action, and sundry other occurrences, both happy and unhappy.

LOUISIANA CAVALIER. By Everett Webber. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. All about the physiques of some girls named Gabrielle, Olivia, and Starlight, and of the physique of an adventurer named Robert Sur de St. Brion.

THE LUCIANO STORY. By Sid Feder and Joachim Joesten. David McKay Co. $3.75. All the criminal ins and outs of a big dope pedlar, dogging him right up to press-time. Mr. Feder is the author of "Murder, Inc."

THE MANAGEMENT TEAM. Edited by Edward C. Bursk. Harvard University Press. $4. This one discusses such vital questions of business teamwork as how to delegate authority, how much rein to give a thoroughbred employe, how to make people understand you, and how to understand yourself.

THE PERFECTIONIST. By Lane Kauffmann. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. The time: the present. The place: suburbia. The situation: Martin Pryor learns that someone knows he is the murderer of his wife and coldly and practically tries to track down some friends and/or acquaintances right there in suburbia.

SIR HENRY. By Robert Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A satirical fantasy about a wayward, dragon-fighting, woman-ridden knight who, both happily and unhappily, has managed to acquire two fair ladies.

THE SITUATION OF POETRY. By Jacques and Raissa Maritain. Philosophical Library. $2.75. A philosophic reasoning which attempts to show the place of poetry in modern life.

THREE ROADS TO A STAR. By David Garth. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. Some dressy international intrigue all revolving around a naval architect, his yacht, a Communist plot known as The Star, and a girl named and known as Deya Rimming-Brook.

THE TRAGEDIES OF GEORGE CHAPMAN: Renaissance Ethics In Action. By Ennis Rees. Harvard University Press. $4.50. Some reinterpretations of the dramatic and nondramatic works of an Elizabethan poet who has been thought to be a champion of *virtu* and romantic individualism, but who, according to Mr. Rees, was really expounding the Christian-humanistic creed. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Antony and Cleopatra" (Shakespeare). 2. "archy and mehitabel" (Don Marquis). 3. "Awake and Rehearse" (Louis Bromfield). 4. "The Cloister and the Hearth (Reade). 5. "Come and Get It" (Edna Ferber). 6. "Davy and the Goblin" (Charles Edward Carryl). 7. "Gareth and Lynette" (Tennyson). 8. "The Hermit and the Wild Woman" (Edith Wharton). 9. "Jack and Jill" (Alcott). 10. "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" (Trollope). 11. "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" (Meredith). 12. "Penrod and Sam" (Tarkington). 13. "The Pit and the Pendulum" (Poe). 14. "Pride and Prejudice" (Austen). 15. "The Prince and the Pauper" (Mark Twain). 16. "The Ring and the Book" (Robert Browning). 17. "Sapphira and the Slave Girl" (Cather). 18. "A Small Boy and Others" (Henry James). 19. "Society and Solitude" (Emerson). 20. "The Sound and the Fury" (Faulkner).

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Christian Children's Fund has in its Korean orphanages 8,000 happy and well cared for children like these two youngsters. But there are still 50,000 Korean children who are homeless. The destruction was so complete. Back and forth rumbled the super-tanks and super-guns and super-efficient bombs and napalm sprayers, crumbling and burning homes and lives while the children who did not die whimpered in fear and terror in a destroyed world without love.

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Books for Young People

—"The Horn That Stopped the Band."

CHILDREN'S rooms of public libraries and school libraries have large collections of books carefully selected for children of every age. Most schools and libraries add to their collections frequently and in considerable numbers, for children need the stimulation to read that comes from many books. However, regardless of the size of such collections or how easily they are available, every child should have some books of his own. Early in his life he should learn the joy of owning books and should have the pleasure of watching his collection grow. Books are recognized as suitable gifts at Christmas and for birthdays. They are equally acceptable throughout the year whenever the just-right book for a particular child appears. Each month in this space we try to select from the new books the ones you may be seeking for your particular child or children.

Our reviewers for this issue include Maria Cimino, Associate Librarian, Central Children's Room, The New York Public Library; Mary Peacock Douglas, Supervisor, School Libraries, Raleigh, North Carolina, Public Schools; Alice Lohrer, Assistant Professor, Library School, University of Illinois; Lucile W. Raley, Consultant, Library Services, Public Schools, Waco, Texas; Elizabeth Williams, Supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Board of Education, Los Angeles, California; Margaret S. Ernst, author of "Words" and "More About Words."

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Supervisor, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

THE HORN THAT STOPPED THE BAND. *By Arthur H. Parsons, Jr. With pictures by Lynd Ward. Franklin Watts.* $2.50. The director of the Omaha Public Library has written a delightful and refreshing story of Terry's French horn which went phloo . . . phloo . . . phloof—and nothing else. This surprising behavior stopped the school band in the middle of practice and sent a red-faced Terry in search of someone to fix the horn. His path of adventure led him into surprising places and brought him at last to a famous orchestra and its conductor. The surprise ending adds to the humor of the story, and Lynd Ward's pictures in gray wash capture its spirit and charm. While the format and the story itself indicate that the book is intended for the very youngest reader, a group of youngsters learning this year to play band instruments were enchanted when it was read aloud to them. —MARY PEACOCK DOUGLAS.

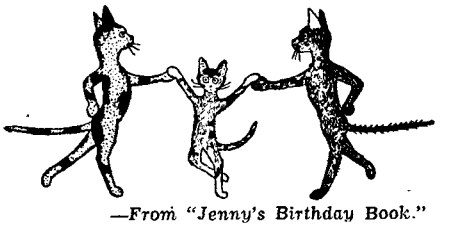
JENNY'S BIRTHDAY BOOK. *By Esther Averill. Harper.* $2.50. Jenny Linsky's happy-birthday party will delight all her many little admirers and gain for her as well many new ones by this new format in regular picture-book size. I hope, however, that as one of the charter admirers of Jenny Linsky and Esther Averill herself I may be pardoned my disappointment in this new format. For, though the old charm and tact of the little books is still present, something has been lost. Perhaps neither Jenny nor Miss Averill is yet altogether at home with the larger page. Still I know children will welcome this later event of Jenny's career even as I do.

—MARIA CIMINO.

FISH HEAD. *By Jean Fritz. Illustrated by Marc Simont. Coward-McCann.* $2.75. Fish Head was a cat, an independent cat of uncertain ancestry that made a precarious, but satisfactory, living chasing rats on the wharfs and snitching food from the waterfront markets. One rat chase carried the unsuspecting Fish Head onto the deck of a small boat just putting out to sea. After he got his sea legs and learned to catch flying fish on the fly he realized that life there, though restricted, was very pleasant. Marc Simont's pictures show Fish Head as the rowdy, scarred cat that he was, and have a fine feeling for the sea.

—F. L. S.

JUSTIN MORGAN HAD A HORSE. *By Marguerite Henry. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. Rand McNally.* $2.95. One cannot say of Marguerite Henry's books "just another horse story." They appeal to the universal interest in books about horses, but over and beyond that they are stories of human values and character delineation. So it is with delight we welcome this new edition of her first book, "Justin Morgan Had a Horse." This is the story of "Little Bub," the pint-sized stallion who pulled logs that bigger horses couldn't even budge, who ran faster than the fleetest of race horses, and became the sire of an illustrious breed of American horses.



—From "Jenny's Birthday Book."

It is a completely new edition with new illustrations by Wesley Dennis, several of them in full color, with the background of the early Vermont countryside. The large clear print and the reduced size of the book will add to the ease and enjoyment of the reader of ten years and up.

—ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

THE FIRST BOOK OF DOLLS. *By Helen Hoke. Pictures by Jean Michener. Franklin Watts.* $1.75. This book, one of the First Book Series, tells of the development of dolls from the crude stick-and-mud ones of long ago to the elaborate lifelike ones of today. Foreign dolls, regional dolls, fashion dolls, dolls for boys as well as for girls, doll houses, paper dolls, and the uses of dolls other than as toys are described and pictured. Dolls have been made of wood and wax, china and bisque, rubber, rags, and paper. Now the soft skinlike textures of plastics and rubber and mechanical ingenuity make them very real.

The many illustrations in delicate colors and black-and-white are exact reproductions of the famous dolls mentioned in the text. Beloved dolls from children's books decorate the end-papers.

Little girls—and boys, too—and many grownups will enjoy this book. Though brief in treatment, as in all First Books, it has a large amount of information that, with the illustrations, makes it useful as well as interesting to read. —F. L. S.

THE STORY OF THE KITE. *By Harry Edward Neal. Illustrated by John Moment. Vanguard Press.* $2.75. Those who are familiar with "The Story of Our Calendar" and "The Gulf Stream" will welcome "The Story of the Kite." Kites that drew carriages, kites that sailed fishing vessels, kites that helped to win battles of the ancient Egyptians are all presented in a truly interesting manner that gives an insight into the long and distinguished history of kite-flying for purposes other than flying for pure fun. This history of kite-flying is presented in a fascinating style that captures and holds the attention of any reader nine to ninety. The last

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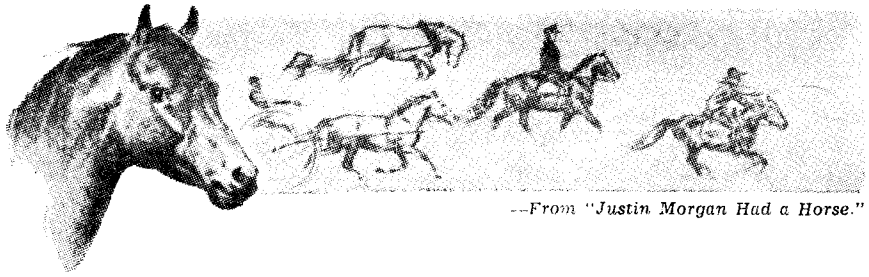
chapter gives clear and concise directions for making and flying a kite and the fun to be had today when you "go fly a kite." This book will enrich the home and the library and will be read by both girls and boys. The illustrations, in color, are by John Moment. —ALICE LOHRER.



—From "Justin Morgan Had a Horse."

FAMILY SHOES. *By Noel Streatfeild. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. Random House.* $2.50. "Ballet Shoes," "Circus Shoes," "Skating Shoes," "Movie Shoes," "Theatre Shoes," and now Noel Streatfeild has given us "Family Shoes." Here is a story of the Bell family, who have very little money but a great deal of fun. They live in an old vicarage in the crowded, dirty, noisy southeast end of London, where their father is the Reverend Alec Bell.

This humorous and kindly story of family life concerns events in the lives of each of the four Bell offspring in the course of a busy year. Paul, the oldest, wants to become a doctor. Jane longs to become a dancer and to attend Sadler's Wells School. Many things happen to Ginnie which embarrass the family. Angus, the youngest, wants to own a private zoo and despises his lovely singing voice. Mrs. Bell is practical and wise as she seeks to understand and guide the many interests of her lively household.

This is a delightful read-aloud story for the entire family and points up many values in wise and friendly family councils and planning. Both boys and girls from fifth to seventh grade will enjoy reading it for themselves.

The black-and-white illustrations by Richard Floethe are thoroughly entertaining. —E. W.

ALL ABOUT THE WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY. *By Ira M. Freeman. Illustrated by George A. Wilde. Random House.* $1.95. Dr. Ira M. Freeman has added another title to his list of science books written for young readers. This time he has presented the practical aspects of modern chemistry, tracing the development of chemical wonders from the days of the cave man to the modern age of scientific marvels.

Such subjects as molecules, oil, steel, medicines, fibers, plastics, rubber, and atomic energy are treated in popular style so that the lay reader may have a glimpse into the part chemistry plays in man's life.

The author's expressed purpose is to encourage each of his young readers to ask himself "Could I make chemistry my life work?" Certainly a book so simply and directly written as this one could be a boost for such a choice for boys and girls from the age of ten to fourteen.

Clever, simple line drawings of various types in orange and black add a thoroughly modern note to a modern subject.

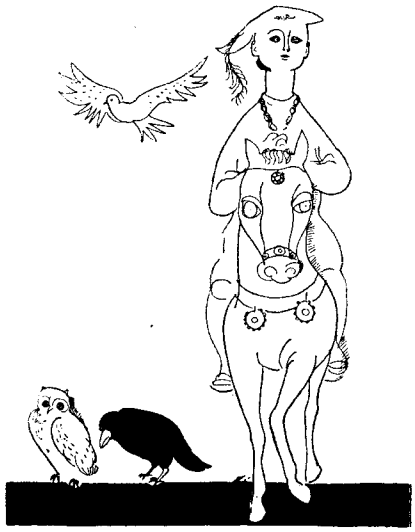
—LUCILE W. RALEY.

ALL ABOUT LANGUAGE. *By Mario Pei. Lippincott.* $2.75. It is pleasant to find an authority such as Mario Pei simplifying some of his work for grown-ups —"The Story of Language" and "The Story of English"—for the beguilement of boys and girls of twelve or thirteen or so.

Professor Pei tells, in clear and simple writing, with helpful maps to show the distribution of language throughout the world, how speech began, and the origin of the alphabet and of writing; how places and people got their names, a subject always of interest to children; the dialects of English, right and wrong usage, languages of the Western Hemisphere, of Europe, of Asia, Africa and Oceania, ending up with a discussion of the possibility of one language for everybody. —MARGARET S. ERNST.

Hardy Perennial

THE NEW **"Grimm's Tales,"** illustrated by Helen Sewell and Madeleine Gekiere (Oxford University Press, $3.50), will appeal to those who welcome sensitive experiment and imaginative daring in the design and illustration of a classic, although the more traditionally minded may have their reservations. The two illustrators who did so well together in "Mrs. McThing" have gone much further here in the skilful fusion of contrasting styles: The bold angularity and structural compactness of Helen Sewell's broad brushwork, evoking as it does a medieval German atmosphere and a reminiscence of old German woodcuts, is a perfect foil for the delicate precision and fluid elegance of Madeleine Gekiere's line drawing. Different as their styles are, the pictures—even when set together on the same or facing pages—suggest a deeper unity of mood in their interpretation of the tales, with Miss Sewell's accenting the earthy and macabre aspects and Miss Gekiere's the fantastic and otherworldly. Admirers of the gentle qualities of Miss Sewell's earlier work will find pleasing evidence here of her still growing stature and scope as an illustrator. Miss Gekiere has already given evidence of her abilities as an illustrator in her first few books; impressive as her first achievements are, one feels that her potentialities are even greater. It will be interesting to see what the two artists do next and it is to be hoped that they find an opportunity to collaborate again.



—From "Grimm's Tales."

The text of the sixteen tales is from an old Oxford edition translated by Edgar Taylor with a few slight changes. The best-known tales are all here and a few less popular ones as well. The book is well made, good to hold in the hand and to read. It is rather a pity—though this is a trivial point—that, with so much good taste and ingenuity exercised in the design, the brilliant jacket and title page, the lovely end-papers, and, indeed, every smallest detail, the cover is dull. All those who have contributed to the making of this book deserve hearty commendation for their fresh, imaginative, courageous, and surprisingly successful approach to a classic. —MARIA CIMINO.

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Weekend Fun

Continued from page 23

adjustments, *plus* the desire to achieve skill in using it, *plus* (perhaps) the interest to follow a film into the darkroom.

Anyone owning such a camera (as above) should have a book about it. There are two important series of low-priced "guide" books about specific camera makes. Those published by Focal Press, London, are generally superior to the Modern Camera Guides published here. However, if the Modern guide is the only one applying to your camera you should get it.

There are also scores of other excellent Focal Press "guides" about every aspect of photography.

*"**This Is Photography,**" new revised edition, by Thomas H. Milles and Wyatt Brummitt. (Garden City, $2.75). A concise, easy-to-understand summary of the important principles of the photographic process. A must.

*"**35mm Photography**" and *"**Rollei Photography,**" both by Jacob Deschin. (Camera Craft Publishing Co., $5 each). Both outstanding books. If you have a 35mm or twin-lens reflex camera of any make one of these is a must. Mainly concerned with ideas, approaches, and uses, plus minimum basic technical information. Deschin's other books are excellent, too.

"Twin-Lens Camera Companion," by H. S. Newcombe (Focal Press, $3.75), and **"35mm Photo Technique,"** by H. S. Newcombe (Focal Press, $4.75). Next steps, technically, after Deschin's two books.

"Leica Manual," by Willard D. Morgan and Henry M. Lester (published by the authors, $5). Standard advanced 35mm reference work.

*"**Stereo Realist Manual**" (Morgan & Lester, $6). For all stereo fans, no matter what the make of the camera.

*"**Graphic-Graflex Photography**" Morgan & Lester, $6). Basic reference for the large camera user.

*"**Lighting for Photography,**" by Walter Nurnberg. (Pitman Publishing Co., $4.50). Lively, helpful. His other books are worthwhile, too.

*"**Photographing People,**" by Hugo Van Wadenoyen. (Focal Press, $4.50). On portraiture; good.

*"**Photography Is a Language,**" by John R. Whiting. (Ziff-Davis, $4). How pictures communicate. Scarce.

*"**History of Photography,**" by Beaument Newhall. (Museum of Modern Art, $5). Well-written, popular work.

*"**Practical Way to Perfect Enlargements,**" by Joseph Foldes. (Camera Craft Publishing Co., $5). Brand-new, and best.

"Lootens on Photographic Enlarging and Print Quality," by J. G. Lootens. (American Photographic Publishing Co., $4.50). Useful information on advanced enlarging techniques and "salon" type work.

*"**Kodak Reference Handbooks 1 and 2.**" (Eastman, $4 each). Excellent technical information source on flash, lenses, films, filters, enlarging, papers, processing, chemicals, formulas, copying.

*"**Kodak Color Handbook.**" (Eastman, $4). If you do much color you need it.

If you use Ansco film, paper, or chemicals Ansco also has an excellent set of paper-bound technical booklets.

"Developing," by Curt Israel Jacobson. (Pitman Publishing Co., $4). Thorough, well-written, but includes a few out-of-date items. A good book.

"Strobe, the Lively Light," by Howard Luray. (Camera Craft Publishing Co., $4). If you use electronic flash get this.

*"**Where and How to Sell Your Pictures.**" Second edition, by Arvel W. Ahlers. (American Photographic Book Publishing Co., $1.95). Best on the subject.

*"**How to Make Money in Photography,**" by Eugene H. Hanson. (American Photographic Book Publishing Co., $4.50). How to get started as a semi-pro or professional. Excellent.

You're missing a lot if you don't subscribe to one of the amateur photographic magazines. My personal preference is *Modern Photography*, but you may like another one better.

To qualify as a would-be expert you should have a confident basic command of your equipment, materials, and routine techniques. Before tackling any of the following books you ought to have digested all the "interested amateur" volumes.

The "expert" books are how-to-do-its at the highest level of technique and equipment, advanced technical references, books to teach photographic thinking. My concern has been with broad, basic values; I have avoided the specialized volumes to which the specialist would in any event find his way automatically. Now the books:

*"**Camera and Lens**"; *"**The Negative**"; *"**The Print**"; *"**Natural Light Photography,**" all by Ansel Adams. (Morgan & Lester, $3 each). Wonderful material, not-so-wonderful writing.

*"**Feininger on Photography,**" by Andreas Feininger (Crown, $6.95); *"**Advanced Photography: Methods and Conclusions,**" by Andreas Feininger (Prentice-Hall, $7.50); *"**Successful Color Photography,**" by Andreas Feininger (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). Sometimes dogmatic, but bursting with information and ideas. Very well written. All musts.

*"**Photo-Lab-Index.**" by Henry M. Lester and John Carroll. (Morgan & Lester, $17.95). A remarkable data book kept up to date by quarterly supplements.

"The Encyclopedia of Photography," edited by Willard D. Morgan. (National Education Alliance, 11 vols., $5 each). Hard to find.

*"**Theory of the Photographic Process,**" by C. E. Kenneth Mees and others. (Macmillan, $21.50). The classic reference for deep stuff. New edition of a monumental work.

*"**Fundamentals of Photographic Theory,**" by T. H. Janes and George C. Higgins. (John Wiley & Sons, $4). If you can't afford Mees, try this.

*"**Exposure,**" by W. F. Berg. (Pitman Publishing Co., $6). Everything about it, from theory to practice, masterfully explained.

*"**Lenses in Photography,**" by Rudolph Kingslake. (Garden City, $2.95). Thorough, lucid, well written.

*"**Practical Photographic Chemistry,**" by Charles O'Hara and James W. Osterburg. (American Photographic Book Publishing Co., $4.75). Best semi-technical volume on the subject.

*"**Color Photography and Practice,**" by D. A. Spencer. (Pitman Publishing Co., $12). Excellent reference for technical aspects of virtually all color processes.

Now for the "beautiful" books of photography—the annuals, picture books, essays. Even people without cameras and with no interest in photography can appreciate and enjoy such books. Every photographer, from beginner to expert, should own some of them, as they are the standards of ideas, skills, and creativeness by which he can judge his own work, and in turn draw inspiration to do better. Here are but a few of the best.

Annuals: Any year's **"U.S. Camera Annual"** (1955 issue: U.S. Camera Publishing Corp., $6.95) is worth having. Picture choice is usually excellent, but the text is far from it. **"Photography Annual"** (Ziff-Davis, $1) is always a good buy.

Animals: Any of Ylla's books.

Nudes: Any number of these have been published. One of the most attractive is **"Figures from U.S. Camera"** (U.S. Camera Publishing Corp., $5.50).

Sailboats: **"Sail Ho!"** by Morris Rosenfeld (Crowell, $5), and **"The Beauty of Sail,"** by Frank and Keith Beken (John de Graff, $10), will thrill anyone who loves sailing.

Color: **"The Art and Technique of Color Photography,"** by A. Liberman. (Simon & Schuster, $10). Includes nearly 200 gorgeous color plates by seventeen photographers, plus minor

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information about how they were done. The word "technique" really doesn't belong in the title.

Scenics: All of the magnificent volumes showing the work of Edward Weston and Ansel Adams are musts. Also, **"My Maryland,"** by A. Aubrey Bodine. (Hastings House, $7.50). A nostalgic and loving look at a state.

Essays: **"Time in New England,"** by Paul Strand and Nancy Newhall (Oxford University Press, $6), combines famous literary excerpts with photos by Strand of the places that inspired the writing. **"Literary Britain,"** by Bill Brandt (British Book Centre, $4.50), is more of the same.

"The Decisive Moment," by Henri Cartier-Bresson (Simon & Schuster, $12.50), shows much of this great photo-journalist's work and some of his photographic philosophy. **"This Is War,"** by David D. Duncan (Harper, $4.95), is probably the greatest single piece of combat reporting ever performed by one person.

Cities and countries are a fine essay subject. Andreas Feininger and Susan Lyman's **"The Face of New York"** (Crown, $5), Fritz Henle and Norman Wright's **"Hawaii"** (Hastings House, $5), the late Werner Bischof's **"Japan"** (Simon & Schuster, $7.50) all are visually exciting yet quite different books.

Finally, a little cartoon volume, **"Should I Wet My Lips?"** by Frank Adams (Vanguard, $2.50).

Look outside the photographic field, too. Books on architecture, geography, sociology, art, sports, railroading, petroleum, lumbering, natural history, archeology, and many other subjects, have also been outstanding photographically.

How do you go about buying photographic books? Some of the most popular standard ones can be found in camera stores, a few of which have fairly extensive book counters. Some of the more beautiful volumes get into general bookshops. However, the widest selection is available by mail-order through a few firms which specialize in photo books.

Of these the largest is American Photographic Book Publishing Co., 33 West 60th St., New York City, which also maintains what is probably the most completely stocked photo bookstore in the world.

This firm has just completed a catalogue listing every domestic and foreign photographic book known to be available in this country, cross-indexed according to subject, title, and author. To the best of my knowledge, this is the only such catalogue in existence. Despite certain shortcomings in organization it is a valuable and unique compilation. Lack of such a listing has always been a major stumbling block.

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 22

sented is the profound tragedy of his struggle to live in a dying body, the persistence of the capacity to grow and change, and the thrust of his creative urge that continued to his death.

Throughout the book Mr. Moore notes the incidents and people that Lawrence used in his writing. Furthermore, by including sketches of individuals, like Enid Hilton's of Mrs. Dax, refracted into Mrs. Dawes in "Sons and Lovers," he gives these prototypes existence apart from Lawrence and enables us to estimate what Mr. Moore terms the "important imaginative heightening" that transformed life into literature. But at this point he manifests a strange inconsistency by adopting the old clichés of dismay and stern Victorian rebuke at Lawrence's delineation of some friends. Should Ottoline Morrell and "Sir Compton" be treated more gently than Mrs. Dax and Jessie? This championship is gratuitous, for they knew Lawrence's opinion of them direct from his mouth and letters and had every reason to expect to be given "imaginative heightening" in his fiction. They must have known and certainly a critic should know the hazards of friendship with a creative writer. At the antipode to this superfluous concern is Mr. Moore's hostility to Witter Bynner, whom he feels Lawrence let off too well in "The Plumed Serpent." Bynner's recent memoir, though exploiting all the bright and mischievous possibilities of that form, does not deserve the repeated charge of malice. Even Mr. Moore, detached and judicial though he is supposed to be, has not resisted references to crockery-throwing and the surmise that Lawrence made immaculate love to Lady Asquith in his books and letters.

Some areas could have been better explored. How could a collector so industrious have neglected fuller inquiry into the marriage of Lawrence's aunt to the German professor Fritz Krenkow? But, more important, why so little on Lawrence's response to the rise of Fascism in Italy? Some of Lawrence's comments are available and it might have been worth the effort to look for more.

Mr. Moore is actuated by the keen sympathy essential to a biographer, and although he does not always exercise fine discrimination his book surmounts its flaws and as the fullest, fairest biography of Lawrence to date helps narrow the gap between the man and his works.

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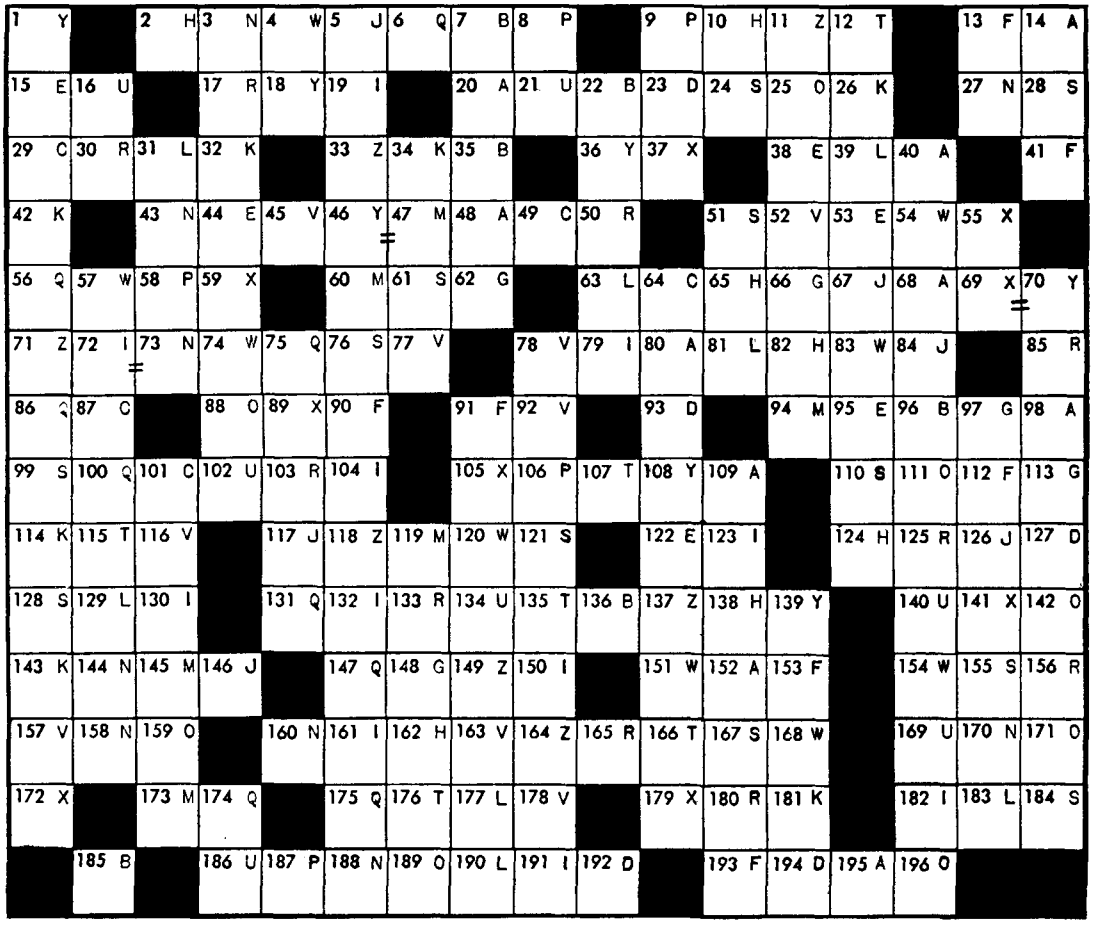
J. Mother of present king of Belgium (1905-35).	84 146 117 126 67 5
K. Shallow, open basket for carrying garden produce.	32 143 34 42 181 114 26
L. Trilby's surname.	183 63 39 190 129 81 177 31
M. Eponym, as it were, of nepotism.	94 119 47 60 145 173
N. Amer. aviator, performed great services in World War II (1891 —).	27 43 160 188 158 170 3 144 73
O. Returned king, recognized by scar on his leg while bathing.	88 189 171 196 159 25 111 142
P. Brought to naught.	187 58 8 106 9
Q. Vocable formed and used for one particular occasion but not adopted into general use (2 wds.).	131 75 86 147 174 175 100 6 56
R. One of Pearl Bailey's great songs (3 wds.).	17 30 180 165 125 50 85 103 133 156
S. The "Learned Blacksmith" who organized Brussels Peace Congress, 1848 (full name).	121 155 167 110 128 99 76 184 28 61 24 51
T. Real name of David Lyall, English novelist (1853-1920).	166 135 176 107 115 12
U. Composer of music for "Die Wacht am Rhein" (1815-73).	169 102 134 186 21 16 140
V. Amer. polar explorer who claimed 300,000 sq. miles of Antarctica for U.S. (1880-1951).	163 178 45 116 157 92 78 77 52
W. Wrong.	83 4 168 57 74 120 54 154 151
X. Sternness of manner, speech, or countenance.	69 105 141 89 37 179 55 172 59
Y. Get in the front of so as to turn back (something; 2 wds.).	18 108 1 139 36 70 46
Z. Tropical cyclone of the far Pacific.	137 11 149 118 71 33 164

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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